

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JANUARY 7, 1957

a Time Inc. weekly publication

25 CENTS

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**SPORTSMAN
OF THE YEAR**

BOBBY MORROW
of Texas

1956 GREAT MEN
GREAT MOMENTS





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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE PROBLEM of getting from one place to another in the least possible time is one which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's third annual Sportsman of the Year, Olympic Champion Bobby Morrow, has solved to perfection.

The problem also existed for others at the Olympics, not all of them competing athletes, as I found out when I talked with Staff Photographer Richard Meek upon his return from Melbourne two weeks ago.

"For example," he said, "at the Cricket Ground, which seemed as big as half a dozen football fields, several track and field events would all be going on at the same time. Regulations limited the total of still photographers on the field to 13 and naturally each one felt he had to get everything. It was like being in a combination steeplechase, marathon and potato race. You'd start around 10 in the morning and establish your 40 or 50 pounds of equipment in one spot. As events got rolling you gradually left it all over the field—not because you wanted to but because you just couldn't carry all your baggage when you were in a hurry. Then, during the few comparatively quiet moments, you could gather everything together and sort of begin again.

"Sometimes the playing of an anthem would halt you in midflight. Photographers aren't used to slowing down for anything. But at the Olympics, when the music starts you stop. And stand at attention. At first the officials tried to make us walk instead of run. More dignified. But they relented. Even they saw that walking wouldn't get us there in time. I know I ran more miles in Melbourne than any athlete. I never want to work that hard again!

"But it was a wonderful and exciting experience. One thing I'll never forget is the sight of the Olympic flame dying out. It wouldn't have registered pictorially, so I didn't even raise my camera—yet it's something I'll always be proud to have seen."

There were very few other times when Meek failed to raise his camera. That's one reason why this week, in 16 pages of color, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED can present other sights of an Olympic year which we do register pictorially, from the many thousands of photographs which Richard Meek and his colleague on this magazine, John Zimmerman, took at Melbourne.

As for Meek never wanting to work so hard again, I asked him about Rome in 1960. "Oh," he said, "I guess I'm just a little tired. I'll always want to be at the Olympics."

And I'm sure that's true of the rest of us.



Harry Phillips Jr.



JIMMY JEMAL'S

HOTBOX

The Question

Will the colleges throughout the country follow the lead of the Ivy League and de-emphasize football?

SENATOR WILLIAM F. KNOXLAND



*Minority Leader
U.S. Senate*

No. The alumni, the general public and the universities are geared to the present scale and tempo of football.

A country-wide de-emphasis would be disastrous financially. Penn and Cornell used to play to 70,000. This year, under Ivy League rules, they played to 17,000.

GENERAL ALFRED M. GRUENTHER



Former Supreme Commander of NATO

I think that the college football situation is going to remain relatively the same. The public wants games like Army-Navy, Harvard-Yale, the Rose Bowl and conference championships. Perhaps the best solution is to refuse any compensation other than tuition and keep to players.

DR. GAYLORD P. HARNWELL



*President
University of Pennsylvania*

Yes. Whether they will follow our method I don't know. We had our problems which we have tried to meet. There are various aids

we can give to students—for scholastic attainment and on the basis of need. Athletic ability should not be the sole consideration. Football is wonderful.

WILBUR M. BRUCKER



Secretary of the Army

No. Conditions will continue very much as they are. So much money is involved that professionally minded players will continue

shopping around for the best offers. Personally, I'd like to see big-time college football continue with the professionalism taken out of it.

MAJ. GEN. GAR H. DAVIDSON



*Superintendent
U.S. Military Academy
West Point*

No, I don't think the Ivy League's approach to the problem is realistic. This approach hasn't stopped recruiting of football players.

If anything, recruiting becomes more important to these colleges because it's a great honor to win the Ivy League championship and a true test of ability.

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM R. SNEDEBERG III



*Superintendent
U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis*

No. While continuing to require high academic standing, we will continue the present emphasis on football because it teaches

team effort—which is so important in the Navy, aboard ship and in the air. We feel that this is more important than any attempt at de-emphasis.

DR. W. R. WHITE



*President
Baylor University*

The pattern set by the Southwest Conference, with slight modifications, is sound. Athletes get board, room, tuition, fees and laundry

money. They are denied some privileges available to the average student. They use up much study time and forego many campus activities.

BIGGIE MUNN



*Director of Athletics
Michigan State
University*

No. We need more athletic competition in this country, not less. Why is it that 40% of our boys can't pass Army physicals? It is

more important to stress athletics than to de-emphasize. We have a great football team at Michigan State, but we also have 140 tough football teams.

DR. ROSCIE L. WEST



*President
State Teachers College
Trenton, N.J.*

That all depends on the results of the Ivy League's experiment. Many smaller colleges have already de-emphasized. College football

will survive—not because it is played by great teams like Oklahoma but because it is played at hundreds of smaller colleges throughout the country.

DR. C. E. BRENN



*President
University of Tennessee*

I think they will. What I think the Ivy League has done is re-appraise the value of football in its relation to the educational system.

There is a definite relationship, but football can get out of hand without proper academic controls. There is a happy compromise which many colleges have found.

CHARLES S. THOMAS

Secretary of the Navy



Not entirely. I think that there eventually will be a balance between complete demeritism and semipro college football. I do not think any group wants complete demeritism, not even the Ivy League. If players were not paid, most of the abuses would immediately disappear.

C. CLEMENT FRENCH

President
Washington State
College



Actions of recent years throughout the country show that colleges have been continually re-evaluating football. The Ivy League pattern is reasonably applicable to private institutions in a populous area, but I don't think it is equally applicable to public institutions in our area.

ELMER LOWER

Columbia Broadcasting
Co., Director of Special
Projects



No. College football is far too big and too wonderful. In many colleges the tremendous revenues pay the cost of all other sports. I think there will be a basic agreement between colleges on how much help will be given football players, beyond which colleges won't go, but that's all.

NEXT WEEK:

Should there be a
height limit in
basketball?

Big game
fishing
at its best
in



PANAMA

Sailfish, tuna, snapper, mackerel, bonito and marlin — take your choice. The waters off Panama are literally alive with practically every kind and size of game fish . . . world-champion fishing grounds with a prize catch almost every time. Charter cruisers are fully equipped and the fees are nominal.

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COMING EVENTS

Jan. 4 through Jan. 23

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4

Boxing

- **Isidro Martinez vs. Ike Chestnut**, featherweights (160 lbs.), Washington, D.C., 10 p.m. (NBC).

Golf

- **Los Angeles Open**, \$37,500, Los Angeles (through Jan. 7).

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- **Cassius vs. Fordham**, Bethle.
- **Connecticut vs. Yale**, Storrs, Conn.
- **De Paul vs. Louisville**, Chicago.
- **Duke vs. North Carolina State**, Durham, N.C.
- **Florida vs. Tulane**, Gainesville, Fla.
- **Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth**, Worcester, Mass.
- **Iaho vs. California (L.A.)**, Moscow, Idaho.
- **Indiana vs. Michigan**, Bloomington, Ind. (Midwest Regional TV).
- **Iowa vs. Ohio State**, Iowa City, Iowa.
- **Kansas vs. Missouri**, Lawrence, Kans.
- **Kentucky vs. Georgia Tech**, Lexington, Ky.
- **La Salle vs. Pennsylvania**, Philadelphia.
- **Michigan State vs. Purdue**, East Lansing, Mich.
- **Minnesota vs. Illinois**, Minneapolis.
- **Oklahoma vs. Kansas State**, Norman, Okla.
- **St. Louis vs. St. John's**, St. Louis.
- **Washington State vs. California**, Pullman, Wash.
- **West Virginia vs. Furman**, Morgantown, W. Va.

(Professional)

- **Fort Wayne vs. New York**, Fort Wayne, Ind., 2:30 p.m. (NBC).
- **Rochester vs. Philadelphia**, Rochester.

Bowling

- **Ray Schalk's Five-Man Holiday Sweepstakes**, Evergreen Park, Ill. (through Jan. 6).

Dag Show

- **American Spangol Club**, Roosevelt Hotel, New York (through Jan. 6).

Football

- **9th Annual Senior Bowl Game**, Mobile, Ala., 5 p.m. (Metrol).

Hockey

- **Montreal vs. Detroit**, Montreal.
- **New York vs. Chicago**, New York, 2 p.m. (CBS).
- **Toronto vs. Boston**, Toronto.

Horse Racing

- **Robert E. Lee Handicap**, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/16 m., Tropical Park, Fla.
- **San Prigial Handicap**, \$25,000, 4-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/16 m., Santa Anita, Calif.

Ice Skating

- **7th International Ice Skating Championships**, Grossinger, N.Y.

Racquets

- **U.S. Open Squash Racquets Singles Championship**, Rockway Hunting Club, Cedarhurst, N.Y. (through Jan. 6).

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6

Auto Racing

- **20-Lap Indoor Midget Race**, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Bridge Tournament

- **International Match**, Biltmore Hotel, New York.

Football

- **11th Annual Hula Bowl Game**, Honolulu.

Hockey

- **Chicago vs. Boston**, Chicago.
- **Detroit vs. Toronto**, Detroit.
- **New York vs. Montreal**, New York.

MONDAY, JANUARY 7

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- **Connecticut vs. Syracuse**, Storrs, Conn.
- **Duquesne vs. Villanova**, Pittsburgh.

Georgia vs. Tulane, Athens, Ga.
Houston vs. Tulsa, Houston.
Iowa vs. Iowa, Champaign, Ill.
Michigan State vs. Michigan, East Lansing, Mich.
Nebraska vs. Colorado, Lincoln, Neb.
Oklahoma vs. Kansas, Norman, Okla.

Boxing

- **Vince Martinez vs. Pedro Jimenez**, middleweights (160 lbs.), Toronto.

Tennis

- **West Coast Championships**, St. Petersburg, Fla. (through Jan. 13).

TUESDAY, JANUARY 8

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- **California vs. Stanford**, Berkeley, Calif.
- **Dayton vs. Canisius**, Dayton.
- **Nagata vs. Morehead State**, Niagara Falls.
- **Pittsburgh vs. West Virginia**, Pittsburgh.
- **Princeton vs. Columbia**, Princeton, N.J.
- **Rhode Island vs. Holy Cross**, Kingston, R.I.
- **San Clara vs. San Francisco**, San Jose, Calif.
- **Texas A&M vs. Southern Methodist**, College Station, Texas.
- **William & Mary vs. North Carolina**, Williamsburg, Va.

(Professional)

- **Minneapolis vs. Fort Wayne**, Minneapolis.
- **Rochester vs. Philadelphia**, New York vs. Boston, Ind. St. Louis vs. Syracuse, St. Louis.

Boxing

- **Bob Satterfield vs. Dale Hall**, heavyweights, Portland, Ore.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- **Brown vs. Yale**, Providence.
- **Fordham vs. Syracuse**, New York.
- **Penn State vs. Temple**, University Park, Pa.
- **(Professional)**
- **Minneapolis vs. Syracuse**, Minneapolis.

Boxing

- **Zora Felley vs. Wayne Bethea**, heavyweights (160 lbs.), 10 p.m., Syracuse (ABC).

Hockey

- **New York vs. Toronto**, Madison Sq. Garden, New York.

Horse Racing

- **LaCentra Stakes**, \$15,000, 3-yr.-old fillies, 6f., Santa Anita, Calif.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- **North Carolina State vs. Florida State**, Raleigh, N.C.
- **Oklahoma A&M vs. Bradley**, Shilwater, Okla.
- **Seton Hall vs. Wake Forest**, Madison Sq. Garden, New York.
- **Utah vs. Denver**, Salt Lake City.

(Professional)

- **Fort Wayne vs. Boston**, Fort Wayne, Ind.
- **St. Louis vs. New York**, Philadelphia vs. Rochester, Philadelphia.
- **Syracuse vs. Minneapolis**, Syracuse.

Cal Show

- **Empire Cat Club**, Belmont Plaza Hotel, New York (through Jan. 11).

Curling

- **Detroit Curling Club International**, Detroit (through Jan. 13).

Hockey

- **Detroit vs. Boston**, Detroit.
- **Montreal vs. Toronto**, Montreal.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- **California vs. Oregon**, Berkeley, Calif.
- **Columbia vs. Harvard**, New York.
- **North Carolina vs. Clemson**, Chapel Hill, N.C.
- **St. Joseph's (Pa.) vs. Westminster**, Philadelphia.

East Show

- **Los Angeles Boat Show**, Los Angeles (through Jan. 20).

Boxing

- **Bob Baker vs. Harold Carter**, heavyweights (160 lbs.), Madison Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Golf

- **Women's Invitational Open**, \$5,000, The Clerks, Sea Island, Ga. (through Jan. 13).

Racquets

- **Western Racquets Singles and Doubles Championships**, Chicago.

Rodeo

- **National Western Stock Show and Rodeo**, \$30,500, Denver (through Jan. 15).

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- **Army vs. Yale**, West Point, N.Y.
- **Colorado vs. Nebraska**, Boulder, Colo.
- **Connecticut vs. Holy Cross**, Storrs, Conn.
- **Detroit vs. St. Louis**, Detroit.
- **Duke vs. Clemson**, Durham, N.C.
- **Houston vs. Oklahoma A&M**, Houston.
- **Iowa vs. Minnesota**, Iowa City, Iowa.
- **Kansas vs. Kansas State**, Lawrence, Kans.
- **Louisiana State vs. Kentucky**, Baton Rouge.
- **Marquette vs. Marquette**, Marquette, Mich.
- **North Carolina vs. Virginia**, Chapel Hill, N.C.
- **Seton Hall vs. St. Francis (Pa.)**, South Orange, N.J.
- **Syracuse vs. Boston**, Syracuse.
- **Texas Christian vs. Southern Methodist**, Fort Worth.
- **Tulsa vs. Bradley**, Tulsa, Okla.
- **Utah vs. New Mexico**, Salt Lake City.
- **West Virginia vs. Villanova**, Morgantown, W. Va.
- **Wisconsin vs. Illinois**, Madison, Wis. (Midwest Regional TV).
- **Wyoming vs. Brigham Young**, Laramie, Wyo.

(Professional)

- **Philadelphia vs. New York**, Philadelphia, 2:30 p.m. (NBC).
- **Rochester vs. Syracuse**, Rochester.
- **Fort Wayne vs. Minneapolis**, St. Louis vs. Boston, St. Louis.

Hockey

- **Detroit vs. New York**, Detroit.
- **Montreal vs. Boston**, Montreal.
- **Toronto vs. Chicago**, Toronto.

Horse Racing

- **El Encino Handicap**, \$20,000, 4-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/16 m. (hurl course), Santa Anita, Calif.
- **Hurricane Handicap**, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/2 m., Tropical Park, Fla.
- **San Fernando Stakes**, \$25,000, 4-yr.-olds, 1 1/2 m., Santa Anita, Calif.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 13

Auto Racing

- **100-Lap Midget Race**, Phoenix, Ariz.
- **Grand Prix of Argentina**, Buenos Aires.

Football

- **East West Pro Bowl Game**, Los Angeles.

Hockey

- **Boston vs. Montreal**, Boston.
- **Chicago vs. Toronto**, Chicago.
- **New York vs. Detroit**, New York.

* See local listing



COVER: BOBBY MORROW
Photograph by Phil Roth

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The easy grin which Olympic Sprinter Bobby Morrow wears on this week's cover is well earned; turn to page 6 for the story of his selection as Sportsman of the Year and for descriptions of great moments of other athletes who also reached the heights and made sports history in 1956.

1956 SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

MEET BOBBY MORROW OF TEXAS

He wins SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's third annual robotaxi, in succession to Roger Bannister and Johnny Podres, for the answer in which he detailed long training and unique character with 11 serenade of blazing excellence at Melbourne. A report on the year, its great sportsmen and great moments by PAUL O'NEIL

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16 PAGES OF OLYMPIC HIGHLIGHTS IN COLOR

ROGER BANNISTER VIEWS MELBOURNE IN RETROSPECT: A HUMAN STORY

With the tumult and the shouting over, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's special race respondent reflects on the achievements and failures of the 1956 Games and analyzes some of the lessons learned

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THE GIANTS CHILL THE BEARS

Nearly everything was from a hot the red-hot New York Giants as they blazed to the pro football title

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HUNGARIAN ATHLETES GET AN AMERICAN WELCOME

Just as time for Christmas, a plus having there was a young freedom-freedomer's teacher down in the U.S.

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TECH'S BRAIN WRECKS PITT

Wade Mitchell, Georgia Tech's scholarly quarterback, gave Pittsburgh a lesson in the Gator Bowl

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Rising costs are forcing clubs to try new things in their search for new revenue. A unusual survey of costs and solutions by HERBERT WARREN WIND

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

SKIING: BEST SNOW IN THE U.S.

A report on Utah's deep powder, with five pages of photographs in color

DUCKS: BEST SHOOTING IN THE U.S.

A surprise visit to two great duck clubs, and late news from the flyways





SPORTSMAN OF 1956

In *Sports Illustrated's* third annual citation Bobby Morrow of Texas wins the Sportsman of the Year award for 1956 for distilling long training and unusual character into 41 seconds of blazing excellence at Melbourne's Olympic Games.

by PAUL O'NEIL

THREE last autumn, while sound boiled up from all the broad decks and crowded galleries of Melbourne's historic Cricket Ground, a rangy, dark-thatched and extraordinarily self-possessed young sprinter from Texas fled to victory ahead of the fastest runners in the world. Twice—in the Olympic 100- and 200-meter races—he won individual events and became the first man to thus gain two gold medals for the U.S. since the great Jesse Owens did so in Berlin back in 1936. He ran the anchor lap in the 400-meter relay and made another American triumph (and a new world record) certain with a final, unchallengeable burst of speed. In those exciting moments Bobby Joe Morrow of Abilene Christian College and the Valley of the Rio Grande earned clear title to the accolade: Sportsman of the Year for 1956.

Athletic prowess was not the sole reason for Bobby Morrow's selection, although it was an important factor indeed in a year so notable for excellence in sport. His multiple victories, gratifying though they may have been to his countrymen, could hardly have qualified him for the honor if they had not also served to dramatize the spirit as well as the accomplishments of the Olympic movement. But Bobby Morrow the unusual sprinter is also an unusual young man, and none symbolized more eloquently than he the ideals of sportsmanship which the athletes of the U.S. Olympic team took with them to Australia.

They were ideals which often seemed extraordinarily perishable during the troubled Olympic year 1956, but which, by the same token, also seemed extraordinarily precious. In seeking a successor to England's Roger Bannister (1954) and Brooklyn's cool young Pitcher Johnny Podres (1955), it would have been difficult to deny an

Olympic athlete who embodied them as did Morrow—and who could run like a scalded cat into the bargain.

For all this, Bobby Morrow was hard pressed by other deserving athletes in 1956, a year of glittering performances and great moments in many fields of sport. Mickey Mantle gave the grand old game of baseball a peculiar kind of excitement which it had not known since the days of Babe Ruth. The broad-backed, boyish Yankee outfielder, now 25, had a wonderful season generally, but it was

his prodigal early-summer production of home runs that stirred the public soul. Mantle ended up with 52, eight short of Ruth's record, but for the first time in decades, fans turned out to marvel at soaring drives made at the expense of their own teams. Meanwhile, that aging Giant discard, Sal Maglie, was sold to the Dodgers and all but hypnotized National League batters in one

of the most heart-warming comebacks on the mound in modern times. And in October the Yankees' tall night owl, Don Larsen, performed the Miracle-in-The-Bronx by pitching the first perfect game in 34 years and the only no-hitter ever accomplished in a World Series.

Floyd Patterson became heavyweight champion of the world at 21—the youngest in the history of the prize ring. Few fighters of such obvious talent were ever so consistently downgraded by the so-called experts as was Patterson in the first four years of his professional career. The International Boxing Club steadily refused him fights at Madison Square Garden during his climb to the top, and after his victory over Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson last June—won the hard way with a broken right hand—the New York sportswriters tolerantly characterized him as a deserving tyro who could not hit. His savage grace, his weaving, highbanded defense and the thunderclap punching which stopped Archie Moore and won him the championship

continued on page 9

Churning back the ground under his feet, and with fists and jaw studiously unclenched, Morrow floats to victory in 100-meter dash



continued from page 7

seemed to burst upon them and upon the television public (which had seldom been allowed to see him) as a revelation. But, revelation or not, Patterson was enthusiastically accepted as a worthy successor to Rocky Marciano.

Nineteen fifty-six was not only an Olympic year, it was a great one for track and field all around the world, and many of its memorable feats took place at Melbourne within a few hours of Bobby Morrow's own triumphs. Russia's incomparable Vladimir Kuts, the only other man to emerge from the main stadium a double gold medal winner, not only succeeded Czechoslovakia's storied Emil Zátopek as the world's greatest distance runner but—by the manner in which he won the 5,000- and 10,000-meter races—proved himself, indisputably, the greatest distance runner of all time. Fordham's big Tom Courtney also made track history: for sheer courage and wild drama nothing in the Games quite touched his finish in the 800-meter run—although he was almost unconscious from exhaustion and quite obviously beaten 30 yards from the tape, he somehow managed a second stretch drive, overtook England's Derek Johnson and flung himself over the line first.

Ireland's and Villanova University's young Ron Delany beat the greatest field of milers ever assembled in winning the Olympic 1,500 meters. Australia's world record holder, John Landy, failed to gain his heart's desire, a victory for his country in the metric mile. But Landy stamped his name on the year 1956 nevertheless; his third-place run in the Olympics, made on crippled legs, was a feat of gallantry in itself, and the world of track will not soon forget how he flew 8,000 miles to California last spring and then ran two sub-four-minute miles in eight days.

Nineteen-year-old Charles Dumas of Los Angeles high-jumped seven feet plus a half inch at the Olympic trials, the first amateur ever to clear the magic height in competition (professional basketball's Walt Davis having twice jumped seven feet during exhibitions in 1955). That dedicated old cannoner, Parry O'Brien, threw the 16-pound shot 63 feet 2 inches—extending his own world record by more than 2 feet and heightening his pre-eminence among weight men. New Jersey's husky Milt Campbell broke the Olympic decathlon record. At the Winter Olympics in Cortina, Italy, Austria's engaging Toni Sailer performed sensationally as he swerved and plummeted to victory in the downhill, the slalom and the giant slalom.

Handsome Frank Gifford, left halfback of New York's football Giants, earned the professional league's most-valuable-player award with dazzling bursts of ball-carrying. Notre Dame Quarterback Paul Hornung, playing on the worst Irish eleven since World War I, performed game-day miracles all by himself—and was quite possibly the best college back of the year.

Endless others earned the right to admiration and applause: the Hungarian Olympians (see page 20) for coarsening the world as flag bearers of freedom; gentle, 82-year-old

Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons for his final successes with Nashua—and his first with a new potential champion, Bold Ruler; England's Donald Canephell for driving his jet-powered speedboat *Blackbird* 280 miles an hour despite choking engine fumes and nightmarish vibration; Althea Gilson, the Negro girl who made good in big-time tennis, and Australia's Ken Rosewall and Les Hoad for their domination of all the world's courts; Avery Brundage, despite the hornets' nests he stirred up, for his stubborn insistence on pure amateurism; California's special boxing investigator, James Cox, and New York's boxing commissioner, Julius Helfand, for their effective drives against the crooks and leeches of pugilism; and many more.

But sport embodies drama as well as simple competition; its pressures can wrench forth into public view all the multitudinous shapes of the human soul, sometimes in ways which transcend the simple rules and simple ends of games and races. Such was the case with the Melbourne Olympics, which were successfully held in a time of world unrest and bitterness, and which were witnessed by nearly two million people and followed by uncounted millions more. They were the grand sporting event of the year and more. Nobody in Melbourne reacted that sorry old cliché—that international sport is a panacea for the world's ills. But to say that the Games were not heartening evidence of man's capacity for decency, or that they stirred no faintest freshening of faith in the brave if faulty dreams of humanity, would be cynicism indeed. It does not seem overdramatic to suggest that Bobby Morrow, as Beau Ideal of the U.S. Olympic team, was something a little larger than a line sprinter in 1956.

He was, and is, of course, an uncommonly fine one; if he is not, clearly, the "world's fastest human," as he was billed on his triumphal return to Texas, he was certainly the fastest human practicing in November and, on the basis of performance, the most successful sprinter in the world in 1956. A great many people in the U.S. still feel that Duke University's Dave Sime, the big redhead who deserted baseball to burn up the indoor tracks last winter—and who amazed the world with a 20-flat 220 outdoors last spring—would have led the dash men in Melbourne if he had not pulled a muscle in the Olympic trials. The evidence for such belief is inconclusive. Sime beat Morrow in the 100-yard dash at the Drake Relays; Morrow beat Sime in the NCAA 100-meter finals at Berkeley. Each race was won by one step at the start. And it is a hard fact that sprinters, like thoroughbreds, must be sound or they are useless, in a field of sport in which leg injury seems almost a by-product of speed. Morrow has been fantastically immune to damage.

He is unusual in a good many other ways—the sort of Texas which most of the U.S., the sort of American which most of the world has had too little opportunity to know. The Morreros of San Benito, Texas are a prosperous, unpretentious and deeply religious rural clan. Bobby's father, Bob Floyd Morrow, a big, white-haired and theatrically handsome man, is an elder in the Church of Christ—an evangelistic faith, widespread in the South, which is exactly dedicated to the precepts of the New Testament. To Cotton Farmer Bob Morrow, his four farming brothers and their families, religion is as integral a part of life as breathing. They are tough people; that God-fearing soldier, Stonewall Jackson, would have recognized them instantly, for his divisions were stiffened with thousands like them—hardy farmers and back-countrymen with a stubborn and uncomplicated conviction of "strength in the Lord."

Sprinter Bobby is a good-looking fellow with a flashing grin, a sense of humor and an innate sense of poise; his

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4 PICK MAN WITH PERFECT FORM

In these sequential pictures (seen from bottom to top) only one runner, Bobby Morrow, has launched himself perfectly—straight, low, fast and unobscuring—in a semi-final Olympic heat at 100 meters. From left to right: Hector Hogan of Australia, M. L. Rize of New Zealand, Maurice Maron of Poland, Thane Baker of the U.S., Boris Tokaryev of Russia. Morrow won in 10.3, equalling the Olympic record; then came Baker (10.4) and Hogan (10.5).



TONI SAILER electrified and charmed the spectators at Cortina.



TENLEY ALBRIGHT captured the figure-skating gold medal with her grace, classic style.



JEAN BELIVEAU became the most arresting hockey star to develop in a decade.

SPORTSMAN OF 1956

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travels have taken him to a great many big cities, and he has become an after-dinner speaker of some competence and has stood before the television cameras with Ed Sullivan without turning a hair. He is an important adjunct of Abilene Christian College, a cluster of severe, tan brick buildings overlooking the treeless, dusty west central Texas prairie. Abilene Christian, founded to educate young men and women of the Church of Christ, is a small (2,000 students) liberal arts school now, but its trustees and officers hope to build it into a big university, and in Bobby Morrow they have been granted a tremendous source of publicity. But if Bobby's gift of speed has made him famous it has not changed his nature.

Life at Abilene Christian is considerably different from that at the average

coeducational college. Students do not smoke on the campus; few of them, in fact, smoke at all. They shun liquor and do not dance. The school has a big brass band, but there is no musical accompaniment to the hymns which students sing in chapel every morning—members of the Church of Christ feel that the Bible does not sanction the use of instruments with religious music. Its students are a fun-loving lot, nevertheless, and if the school finds expression in the Bible it also finds expression in going forth to conquer in athletics.

Bobby Morrow fits into this atmosphere perfectly. His religious feelings seldom show on the surface—in fact he is a practical joker of the flour-in-the-dormitory-bed and potato-in-the-exhaust-pipe schools—but he leads prayer at times in chapel, seriously studies the Bible and never misses attending services on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings. He is not a

self-effacing young man, but he is a humble one in many ways. The excitement of the big-time running has not dimmed his enthusiasm for ACC's kind of big evening: the "ice cream party." Like most of the school's married couples, Bobby and his pretty wife Jo Ann keep an old-fashioned freezer in the kitchen of their off-campus apartment; when they ask friends to drop in they crank up a quart of ice cream much as more worldly young couples break out Scotch and tee cubes.

If Morrow had been left to his own devices, however, he would probably not have gone to college at all. The Rio Grande Valley, in which he was raised, is a rich, flat country, splashed with the crimson of bougainvillea and with tall palms marching on its distant horizons. Bobby's father farms 600 acres of dark, irrigated land (cotton in summer, vast areas of carrots in the winter), and his older brother and uncle farm thousands of acres more. The

MOST DRAMATIC SINGLE PERFORMANCE

PAUL HORNUNG led an outmanned Notre Dame team with gallant skill all year.



No one had ever pitched a no-hit game in World Series competition before. No one had pitched a perfect game in the major leagues since 1922. And no one was noticing Don Larsen of the New York Yankees in the first place, since his opponent in this fifth game of the 1956 Series, the heroic Sal Maglie of the Brooklyn Dodgers, was pitching brilliantly. But after Maglie's dreams of glory were ruined by a sudden home run in the fourth inning, attention swung with mounting intensity to Larsen as he methodically overpowered batter after batter, inning after inning. Into the ninth he pitched, with the world watching. Maglie said: "I know how he felt, and I felt sorry for him." But Donald James Larsen mopped his brow, threw the ball without winking up, got the last three outs and wrote The Perfect World Series Game into sports history.





CARY MIDDLECOTT stood off Hogan's bid, won his second U.S. Open title.



SHIRLEY FRY came out of retirement to win Wimbledon and U.S. tennis championships.



MICKEY MANTLE led majors in home runs, hitting and RBIs.

Morrow's practice a highly remunerative kind of mechanized agriculture, although they live simply enough in a plain, white clapboard farmhouse, and Bobby learned farming as he grew. He drove tractors at 12, got the hang of welding, repairing heavy equipment, seeding, "busting" cotton roots with a plow, and irrigating before he was much older.

He loves the hot border country. He is a pistol marksman, a crack shot with both rifle and shotgun, hunts deer and the ferocious javalina in the rough country near Uvalde and fishes the bays of the Gulf of Mexico with a light casting rod. As he was growing, his father gave him land—he now owns 40 acres which produce a bale of \$200 cotton and \$100 worth of carrots to the acre (and to which he hurriedly returns during every vacation). As a high school senior he knew exactly what he wanted to do with his life: he wanted to marry slim, dark-haired Jo Ann

Strickland, his childhood sweetheart, and live on the soil and in the hills and on the water.

In the end, however, the lure of the Olympics was too strong to resist. He ran 100 yards in 9.6 seconds three times during his last year in high school and got his time for the 220 down to 21.1. Every college in the Southwest Conference and a good many big schools from other states paid him court. He suspects, however, that if his high school football coach, Jim Barnes (now the principal at San Benito, had not talked to him, glowingly, about his chances of representing the U.S. at the Melbourne Games, his athletic career would have ended then and there. He was married the summer after graduation and was undecided about the future until late August. Finally, however, he and his young wife drove to Abilene, registered at ACC, rented an apartment and set about going to college together.

The next spring, the name Bobby Morrow burst into sport pages all around the world; as a 19-year-old freshman, he ran 100 yards in 9.1 seconds, a fantastic feat even though he was aided by a seven-mile wind which nullified it as a record. But the road to Melbourne was a difficult one, for all that. Nobody has quite the insight into Morrow's trials as has ACC's coach, Oliver Jackson, a lean, ruddy, cheerful man with a rare grasp of the subtleties involved in bringing runners to their peak.

"Bobby," he says, "is a born sprinter. All you had to do was take one look at him even as a junior in high school, and you couldn't miss it. He's big—he stands 6 feet 1 and he weighs 173 when he's right. He has long legs. Unlike most men built that way, he's got terrific power in his thighs and he's got leg speed as well as big stride. He runs right—he leans a little and pushes

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SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS unsaddled Natchua, called sports. Bold Ruler.



FINEST PERFORMANCE BY A VETERAN

Four weeks after the baseball season opened, Sal Maglio, 49, turned in his cap to the Cleveland Indians, who had found little for him to do, and headed back to the old National League—and the Brooklyn Dodgers. He took with him an old glove, a head full of pitching craft, a merciless curve and a fighting determination to become a winner again. Before the season was over he had won 13 games for the Dodgers and won 4 of them in the championship of the National League. On Sept. 25 in Ebbets Field he culminated his comeback from baseball obscurity by pitching a no-hit game against Philadelphia, first of his long career. As the last out settled in First Baseman Gil Hodges' glove, the allegedly unemotional Sal the Barber cried to himself: "I got it! I got it! My God, I got it!" He all but made Brooklyn forget his years as a hated Giant.



SPORTSWOMAN OF THE YEAR

Pat Kellie McCormack was in fourth place when the final night's competition in the platform dive began at Melbourne's Olympic swimming pool. Her last dive was a running forward one-and-a-half somersault with a twist. She performed the exacting movements in flawless fashion and entered the water cleanly. As she surfaced, the judges' cups flashed 18.17 points—Pat had clinched her second gold medal of the 1956 Games. Moreover, she had given the finest woman divers in the world a go at her 1952 Helsinki triumph and dived them off for an unprecedented double sweep. At 26, Pat McCormack, wife of an airline pilot, Glenn (who is also her diving coach), and the mother of an infant son, Timothy, is now ready to end her Olympic career, settle down in California. "I will be quite happy to give up all that glittering hardware for five babies."



SPORTSMAN OF 1956

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the ground back rather than reaching out and putting extra strain on his legs. I'm certain that's one reason he doesn't get hurt. He's tough, too, though—a strong man. He didn't get hurt playing football. Last year some of our big football players were lifting a bar bell in the locker room, and Bobby walked over and lifted more than they could. He's a great competitor; he hates to lose.

"But he still had to learn. He didn't know how to start. In high school he didn't drive out—he'd just sort of stand up and start running. He didn't relax enough. His arms were wrong; he carried his elbows out wide and tightened up at the end of hard races. But Bobby has a great faculty—tell him something once, and he gets it."

As Bobby recalls it, his time of transition was not quite that simple. Relaxation in a sprint is a curious act of

self-communion—a man must run his hardest, but must hold back the natural tensions of combat. Bobby learned to run with his hips slightly parted—if the hips are parted, the jaws are not likely to be clenched, nor the arms and shoulders strained. He learned to keep his hands loose, to check himself 40 yards out, to see if he could feel the flesh below his cheekbones moving slightly to the rhythm of his running—if so, he could count on being relaxed. And to augment his natural strength and stamina, in training he ran a 220, walked one, ran one, walked one—beginning at a 24-second pace and ending up, after four or five, by attempting to do 21 seconds. He learned to ease off in the middle of a furlong without really losing speed and then to drive for the tape.

By his sophomore year he was—in the opinion of Clyde Littlefield, the University of Texas coach—the "most consistent sprinter I have ever seen." It was a goal toward which he had been

laboring hard. The hundred can be lost by any split-second mistake and, like every other U.S. sprinter, Morrow could practically feel the fresh, dazingly talented youngsters developing all around him. Duke's Dave Sims was the prime example. "Bobby gets nervous like everybody else," says his close friend, the ACC hurdler Ken Fannon, "but the day he raced Dave Sims at the Drake Relays was the only time I've ever seen him show it. He couldn't hold still. I've never seen him lose his temper either, but after Sims got the jump on him and won that hundred—well, he was certainly determined. 'I can beat him,' he kept saying. 'I can beat him.'"

In the weeks that followed, Morrow worked, hour after hour, on starts. "A start shouldn't be a tense thing," says Coach Jackson. "It should have quickness—like a good welterweight throwing a punch." Morrow was already a good starter, but now he toiled to make everything involved in the first split second of the race—the angle of his back on the blocks, the exact motion of his left arm—so automatic that he would not go wrong under the severest pressure. He did not consider outguessing the starter. He felt, for one thing, that the practice was un-Christian. He also felt he would be much safer, in the long run, to simply let the sound of the gun trip him into action.

He was vastly reassured by his double victory in the Olympic trials, went back to San Benito, worked hard on his farm for a month and a half, and then, in August, began training again on the high school's dirt track. He felt sick. He grew sicker every day, but stubbornly kept on running, although his legs felt like rubber. After two weeks he drove to Abilene. "He had some kind of virus

CHARLIE DUMAS became first to achieve seven-foot high jump.

VLADIMIR KUTS wrote his name memorably in Olympic records in 1,000, 10,000 meters.

LORRRAINE CRAFF won two gold medals for Australia, set 500m records all year.



infection," says Coach Jackson. "He had lost 20 pounds and he couldn't eat. I took him to a doctor, and after that he began feeling better but you just couldn't work him."

In California, during training meets with the Olympic team, he lost—and lost—and lost. Australia seemed "like Alaska. It rained every day. It was cold. I was afraid to work and afraid not to. My weight was coming back, but I'd go out and try short bursts with Milt Campbell [New Jersey's big Negro decathlon winner] and he'd pull away every time. I got shin splints [a painful distention of tendons which hold calf muscles to the shin bone] and it hurt to run."

For all the excitement they stirred in spectators, the Olympics meant weeks of boredom and tension to the athletes. "Sit in your room," says Bobby. "Eat. Go out and work. Come back. Eat. Sleep. That was about it. You really couldn't go anywhere or do anything." He was so discouraged at Bendigo—where the U.S. team competed shortly before the Games—that he refused to enter the hundred. "I just couldn't stand getting beaten again." But he did run the 200 meters and found, to his vast relief, that his painful and difficult training grind in Australia had paid off. He felt competent again. After the qualifying heats of the Olympic 100 meters—during which he twice equaled the Games record of 10.3—he felt certain of winning. "He was a wonderful sight in the final," says Jackson, who was on hand to watch his pupil. "Bobby just seems to rise a little, out about 40 yards, and sort of float." But Bobby was mortally afraid that Andy Stanfield, winner of the 200 meters at Helsinki, might beat him in the longer race.

JAMES COX led an effective cleanup of boxing's dirty business in California



HARD LUCK CASE OF THE YEAR



In 1936 Joe Louis was worse off than a man on a treadmill. The penalties and interest on his unpaid income tax for 1946-51 swelled the debt to well over a million dollars. In a desperate attempt to get lucky he became a clumsy attraction on the clowning pro wrestling circuit. "It ain't stealing," Joe said defensively, while Internal Revenue men waited outside his dressing room for his meager take. Then he discovered he had a cardiac contusion and could wrestle no more. When others tried to raise money for him, he sent their contributions to charity. "This is my debt," Joe says, "and I'm the one who should pay it." In 1956 Joe Louis, a man with a history of fast planes and gleaming limousines, took the subway for the first time in his life. He let two crowded trains go by before he realized that he had to get in there and shove with the rest of them.

He lay on a mattress beneath the stands before the 200-meter final, wet with cold sweat and queasy with nervousness. He had to push through spectators as he walked in from a warmup track to compete; it seemed an imposition too great to bear. "Sometimes," he says, "you feel as though you want to run out of the stadium and never come back." But the field, staggered for the start, ran immediately into the turn and, says Bobby, "I love to run on a turn. I had Stanfield just ahead of me and I watched him and gave it everything I had, and when we got into the stretch I knew I could do it." He did, and broke Jesse Owens' Olympic record by a tenth of a second with a 20.6 race. After that, his winning 100-meter relay lap seemed to follow almost as a matter of course.

Morrow was hardly back in Texas, where he was welcomed with bands, cheers, speeches, parades and a big barbeque on the football field at San Benito, before he was looking ahead to

more running; he expects to compete for two more years in college, for two years in the service, and then hopes to represent the U.S. once more at the Rome Olympics. He has high hopes of running even faster, of bringing himself to new peaks of physical efficiency until he is 25, and he obviously dreams of the nine-second hundred.

In talking thus of the future, Bobby Morrow was explaining a good deal about his immediate past, about many of his colleagues in amateur sport, and about the impact of the Olympic Games upon the world. He ran for but 41 seconds in winning his three gold medals, but to prepare himself he had hoped, and planned, and toiled for years. The amateur's only reward—and his gift to the world—is simply the knowledge of excellence. Bobby Morrow is one of the rare ones who achieved—and gave—a little more: a distillation of excellence, in his case as pure and heady an essence as the Olympic Games have ever known. **END**

FLOYD PATTERSON brilliantly proved his right to Rocky Marciano's heavyweight crown.



AVERY BRUNDAGE brought the Olympics to triumphant reality.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

ART ARAGON APES MCCOY • AMERICA'S CUP NEWS • DAVE SIMS

RUNS AGAIN • MERRIWELL PIPED IN • HEALTHFUL SNIFFING

IN PARIS • GRIDIRON VIGILANTES • SAMMY THE CHARMER

THE GOLDEN ALECK

A SMART CROOK lies low when the heat's on but a smart-aleck crook is different.

Among the smart alecks of crooked boxing is Art Aragon, Golden Boy of the Golden West, one of the more artless welterweights of our time but an opponent-picker of such skill that *Ring* magazine ranks him No. 3 and the *NBA* No. 7.

For months smart-aleck Aragon has observed, if not felt, the hot blasts of the most intensive boxing investigation California has ever seen. At the seething center of it were such intimates of his as Cal Eaton, promoter, and Bahe McCoy, matchmaker. Among the charges: that McCoy had ordered at least one fighter to dive for Aragon.

The charges were proved to the hilt and McCoy, pleading ill health (he was suffering from unaccountable night sweats), resigned. McCoy, after all, is a smart crook. Commissions come and they go and it's a fair guess that McCoy intended to return to boxing some day when a cooler commission was in charge. But this commission foisted all that and, just before Christmas, suspended him for life. Just before New Year's it moved to revoke Eaton's license.

While all this was going on anyone but a smart aleck would have concluded that honesty was the next best policy, but Aragon, who has been described as arrogant, took it that with McCoy out of action he would have to assume the burden of fixing his own matches. He made a good try.

He was offered \$3,000 for a San Antonio fight. He accepted, provided he could bring his own opponent. And of

all opponents he chose Dick Goldstein, who is one of the West Coast's more preposterous pugilists. Goldstein's lurid publicity holds that he is a boyhood victim of Nazi concentration camps. It might even be true. Certainly he fights as if all opponents are Nazis. Unskilled but rough, he has been known to kick those he couldn't hit.

Goldstein says he accepted Aragon's offer of \$750 to take a dive, but cunningly intended to make a fight of it. It was the only way, he says, that he could ever get into a ring with Aragon.

A suspicion that this might be Goldstein's horrid plan crossed Aragon's mind when, sauntering into a Los Angeles gym, he saw Goldstein actually trailing. Aragon was shocked.

"What are you getting in shape

for?" he demanded. "You are going to take a dive!"

Goldstein fobbed it off with some light excuse and before leaving Los Angeles had the wit to advise an FBI agent friend of the plot and counterplot. In San Antonio he thought it best to ask for police protection. When Aragon saw him escorted by police he demanded his bribe back—as evidence of good faith, naturally. Unable to get it, he managed to work up a six-tenths of a degree fever and called off the fight.

The Texas commission suspended Aragon and Goldstein and a county grand jury is going to poke into the matter. McCoy is finished, unless he actually undertakes and wins a court action he threatens, and Eaton is on the verge of extinction.

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CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• And Away We Go

The indoor track season should be one of the best, with Ron Delany, a restored Dave Sims (see opposite page) and Hungary's László Tábori. Tábori's countryman, Sándor Iharos, who escaped to Belgium, is aiming to get here, too.

• A Feller's Farewell

Bob Feller, 35, quit baseball for the insurance business after 20 years with the Cleveland Indians, explained: "I could have gone with a lot of other ball clubs, but anything I might have done with them would have taken the edge off the success I've had with Cleveland."

• The Skis: the Limit

The Bavarian Parliament, alarmed by increasing ski accidents, decreed fines up to 150 Deutsche Marks (\$15.30) or time in jail for 1) reckless skiing on main trails 2) schussing downhill at more than 35 mph 3) walking on main trails 4) bringing pets onto a ski run.

• Mama in Hollywood

Iowa got off to the Rose Bowl with a warning from an Iowa psychologist: visiting teams are apt to suffer from feelings of insecurity, possibly related to dissimilarity from mother. But when Hollywood turned out a flock of pretty girls as audio guides, possibly as mother substitutes, Coach Forest Evashevski called off the tour, ordered stern sermmons.

But let no one think that crooked boxing is ended in California or elsewhere. Too many smart alecks around.

DUST OFF THE CUP

SOME of the liveliest yachting news in years broke the other day when the New York Supreme Court handed down a ruling that promised to put the America's Cup, most celebrated of all sailing trophies, back in competition after a long lapse—ever since Harold Vanderbilt (81, Oct. 29) successfully defended it aboard *Ranger* in 1947. By changing the minimum requirements in the deed of gift so that a challenger's or defender's waterline



need now measure only 44 feet instead of the traditional 65, the court cleared the way for a race in 12-meter yachts, and thus wrote a formal end to the era of the magnificent, but perhaps prohibitively expensive, J boats.

To some hard-core conservatives it was a sad ending which "reduced the original conception of the Cup race to an absurdity."

But many more yachtsmen were roused by the prospect that the America's Cup will be renewed. "That's splendid news," said Captain Markham Eveleigh, secretary of Britain's Royal Yacht Squadron. In best sailing idiom he added: "Up to now we've been hanging on the slack, waiting. Maybe something will be done now."

RETURN OF A SPRINTER

DAVID WILLIAM SIME is a tall, pleasant-faced, red-haired young man from New Jersey who proved last spring that he is capable of running as fast as—and perhaps faster than—anyone who ever lived. As a 19-year-old sophomore at Duke University, in his first big year of collegiate track, Sime broke two world records (20 seconds flat for 220 yards, 22.2 for the 220-yard low hurdles) and tied another (9.3 for 100 yards). But for a long time, ever since the disastrous muscle pull in June which cost him a chance to make the U.S. Olympic team, he had not been able to run fast at all. Last weekend, at the Sagar Bowl invitational track meet in New Orleans, Dave Sime went to the starting blocks to try again.

No one, not even Sime or his coach,

Bob Chambers, expected to prove too much; they just wanted to make a few tests before the indoor season began and this looked like a good opportunity. The competition was good (Bobby Whilden and Holis Ganey of Texas, Bobby Mack of LSU, Boyd Dollar of North Texas State, Jack Parrington of Houston) but not great; there were no Morrisons or Kingsee Bakers or Murchisons around. The distance of 100 meters (109 yards one foot) was better suited to Sime's big, powerful stride than one of the much shorter indoor dashes coming up in the next few months. And the New Orleans weather (71°) felt just right for a man worried about an injured leg.

It is an accepted fact now that much of Sime's trouble last summer occurred because he was temperamentally unable to run an easy race ("He tried to break a world record every week," one coach pointed out), and Chambers was asking only that he hold himself in, run relaxed and take it easy no matter what happened. The last thing he wanted was for Dave to put extra pressure on the recently healed muscle which doctors say can be as good as new if given proper time and care.

"I'm looking forward to an easy 100," Sime said before the race. "I don't want to kill myself. And besides, I'm not really in condition yet."

If Dave Sime was out of condition it certainly didn't show Sunday. Off last at the starter's gun, a relaxed Sime turned on the power smoothly and easily, caught the rest of the field by the end of 30 yards and won by five yards going away. The time, into a very slight headwind: 10.2 seconds, equalling the listed world record and only one-tenth behind the pending new record shared by Leamon King, Ira Murrelson and Willie Williams.

"I really didn't expect to run so fast," beamed a happy Dave Sime. "I feel wonderful—and very thankful the leg held up."

And Dave Sime, as good as ever—or maybe just a little better—trotted off to get ready for a big indoor season.

HOLIDAY HEROES

BACK IN THE DAYS when Frank Merrwell saved the day for Yale with a touchdown in the last 10 seconds, his exploits were food for fond recollection only for the fortunate few who happened to inhabit the Yale Bowl. One of the virtues of TV is that latter-day Merrwells can furnish "I remember when's" for millions.

A couple of real memory-book examples came along over the holidays and it is doubtful that even Merrwell on his best days ever did better. When the Baltimore Colts defeated the Washington Redskins, the winning play was deferred until the clock had only seconds left. John Unitas, the Colt quarterback, sailed a long, high pass across the TV screens of the nation. Norb Hecker, a Washington defender, tipped the ball into the air and Jim Mutscheller, a Colt end, caught it as he fell across the goal line with only seconds left to play. The final score: 19-17.

As if this were not enough high drama for one weekend, the Boston Celtics managed, incredibly, to sink two field goals in 10 seconds to beat the St. Louis Hawks 95-93 in a nationally televised basketball game. Bob Cousy, who fits the Merrwell rule precisely, engineered one goal by taking a pass from an official on a sideline play, heaving it to Tom Heinsohn for a quick layup which used only two seconds; when the Hawks' Ed McCauley missed a long field goal try a couple of seconds later, the Celtics' Bill Sharman—who had been far off most of the afternoon—lifted a high, lovely shot through the basket as the gun ended the game and the nation's TV fans relapsed into happy emotional exhaustion.

RECOVERY CHAMBER

PERHAPS the transcendent American Dream is not, after all, either Togetherness or blueberry pie; it may be Getting Back in Shape. Many a man has set out bravely on this road to



yesterday. His goal is not only the slimmed waist and the toned muscle, but also the liveliness and zest of youth. To recapture any one of them takes time and work and more sterling virtues than most of us command. Only a few reach the goal. If a short cut is ever found, its discoverer will make a fortune.

Well, a short cut has been found—if not exactly to fitness, then to the illusion of fitness—and, sure enough, its finder is prospering nicely. You'd think this breakthrough would have been made in America, the land of such time-savers as instant car washes and heat-and-eat formal dinners, but

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it wasn't—it was made in France. And the visionary who contrived it is a chic 26-year-old girl (formerly a doctor's secretary) named Nicole Verdoy. She does the job with oxygen.

For Paris, with all its chestnut trees and gardens, suffers like Los Angeles and New York from industrial smog. Moreover, the winter there is long, gray and wet, and the winter season, either business or social, strenuous. When a Parisian begins to droop from too much activity and carbon monoxide he or, as it often is, she drops in at Miss Verdoy's establishment.

The carpets are deep there, and the lights subdued. The client is shown a treatment room whose false window opens on a pleasant scene which is actually an enlarged photograph. The room is painted in a decorator color, not in hospital white, and the only piece of medical equipment in sight is an oxygen tent.

The world-weary visitor undresses. An attendant administers a 10-minute back massage as a sort of hors d'oeuvre, then sets up the oxygen tent and turns a valve for the main course. The visitor lies quietly, looking out through the plastic curtains at the painted view, inhaling fitness at the rate of 10 liters a minute. The oxygen moves through his lungs to the blood; his heart pumps it out to his tired tissues. Weariness fades away. After 20 minutes it is time to dress and go, and the customer goes—lively of step and eye, relaxed, cheerful and ready for another round of whatever put him there in the first place.

It sounds foolishly simple, yet Miss Verdoy has evidence that it works. She is increasing the number of treatment rooms from three to seven, and has already established a second salon in Brussels. Her Oxygen Relaxation Center (as she calls it) doesn't work major miracles, of course, only minor ones. If you are overweight and soft coming in, you are in the same shape upon leaving. But for a while you feel as if you had just finished a virtuous course with dumbbells, skipping ropes and pushups. Miss Verdoy finds that people like that feeling. Her regular customers come in once a week.

AS YOU SOW . . .

ED MEADOWS, a young, rough defensive end for the Chicago Bears, has been the starting point for considerable moralizing on dirty play in

professional football since he disposed of the Detroit Lion offense by rendering Lion Quarterback Bobby Layne *hors de combat* with a devastating late tackle. Edwin J. Anderson, president of the Lions, suggested that Meadows be barred from pro football for life—a suggestion regarded, for different reasons, with notable lack of enthusiasm by the National Football League commissioner, Bert Bell, and by the players on the Lion team.

Said Bell: "This is still America and a man is innocent until he is proved guilty." The Lions simply expressed a desire to have Meadows available for remonstrance next year when the teams play again.

Professional football is a very rough game. When 22 large, muscular and aggressive young men trade robust blocks and tackles for most of an afternoon, it is inevitable that tempers become frayed and, occasionally, that fists fly. However, it is safe to say that no dirty football player lasts long in professional football.

This is not because of any foolproof system of policing developed by Bell and his officials. The policing is taken care of by the players and, despite demurs by players and coaches, dirty players are definitely taken care of. A case in point is Les Ford, the magnificent defensive end of the Cleveland Browns. Ford is a rough, aggressive player, but he is not a dirty one. Once, playing against the Chicago Cardinals, he roughed up Cardinal Quarterback Jim Hardy much as Meadows did Layne. Pat Harder, who was one of the great blocking fullbacks in pro football, chastised Ford for his ungentlemanly tactics. Harder waited until the game

was nearly over, then asked Hardy to call for a play on which he would block Ford.

The block was applied so thoroughly that Ford wound up with a broken jaw and a new respect for the unwritten laws of the football jungle.

There is no law, written or unwritten, against a hard tackle. The quarterback is a natural object for enthusiastic tackling and, when his defense breaks down, he sometimes takes a beating. But, as Meadows may find out next season, the beating must be administered within the ethical concepts of his fellow pros.

DINNER A LA CARTE

UNDER THE LAW of the Free State of Maryland baiting wild ducks (that is, pouring grain into shallow water where ducks can feed on it) is perfectly acceptable. Under the law of the United States it is not. Chesapeake Bay is, therefore, the scene of great activity in the duck season—Maryland hunters busily baiting, federal agents grimly trying to catch them at it.

But the cat-and-mouse game has its moments of fun. Two advertisements appeared the other day in the Cambridge (Maryland) *Banner*, one just above the other. The top one offered the products of C. W. Thomas and Sons, Inc., of Cambridge and Hurlock. "Attention All Hunters," it read. "We carry a full line of feed for everything with feathers. This includes Diving Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Reds." Then the menu was listed: "Corn, Milo, Wheat, and Dessert If Desired."

Just beneath was another notice of exactly the same size. "Attention Hunters," it said. "Feathered Menu: Milo, Corn, Wheat. Dessert If Desired—\$26.50." It was signed Joseph D. Withers, U.S. Game Management Agent.

The \$26.50, of course, is the amount of the federal fine imposed on hunters caught baiting ducks.

SAMMY TAKES AUSTRALIA

SAMMY GIANMALVA of Houston, Texas may not be the greatest tennis player the U.S. has sent to Australia in recent years though his good temper and good play were partially redeeming features of an otherwise sad invasion—see page 45. But he drew the biggest ovation of the Davis Cup tour when he acknowledged publicly: "One thing I've learned—Australia is almost as big as Texas."



SERVING THEM RIGHT

At jing pong this lad'll
Be heard from some more.
Instead of a paddle,
He uses an ear.

—RICHARD ARNOLD



"HAROLD!"

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

ONE SHUTTER



Nearly any instant of action frozen by a camera might have sufficed to show the immense superiority of the New York Giants as they won the world professional football championship from the Chicago Bears in their playoff at Yankee Stadium last Sunday. Yet no one moment during the Giants' overwhelming 47-7 victory could more clearly

illustrate their complete mastery of this game than the one above in which End Kyle Rote (44) gathers in a Chuck Conerly pass in lonely triumph, framed by the Chicago Bear goal posts. Conerly (42, far left) still has ample time to assist the touchdown play with some body English as he follows the flight of the ball behind the impenetrable

CLICK TELLS THE WHOLE STORY



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD WIEKE

blocking of the magnificent Giant line. Rote, who may be the finest faker in pro football, has rid himself of all the Bear defenders, and the Conerly pass—as was usual on this frigid, 18° afternoon—is right where it should be. The stands in the background are packed with a crowd of 56,836 fans, bundled up against the cold but warmed out

of their usual big-city sophistication by an afternoon of great football by the home team. For this was a day of excitement and vindication—a sporting thrill to match the drama of the perfect game Don Larsen pitched against the Brooklyn Dodgers on the same field only a few months ago. For a report on this memorable game, turn to page 50

AMERICAN

Hungarian Olympians, looking for new homes.

JUST IN TIME for Christmas, 34 members of the Hungarian Olympic squad and four Rumanians who appealed to **SECURITY** ILLUSTRATED last month for help in coming to the U.S. (SI, Dec. 17) touched down on American soil. The group, which included the world-famous distance runner László Tábosi and László Nádori, chief of staff of the Hungarian Sports Ministry, got heart-warming welcomes—beginning with the U.S. Government, which simplified immigration red tape in their behalf, and Pan American Airways, which put an airplane at their disposal. Unlike generations of freedom-seeking Europeans who



IN HONOLULU meeting U.S. Olympic hero Bob Mathias bends attentive ear to questions of Walter Polonsky, Arpad Domjan and 20-year-old Kato Szoke.



IN SAN FRANCISCO Hungarians descend from Pan Am plane to be welcomed below by Governor Goodie Knight (left) and Mayor George Christopher (center).



U.S. OLYMPIANS NANCY KANEY (LEFT) AND NANCY SENORS (RIGHT) GREET



WELCOME

reach the U.S. after the flight from Melbourne

crossed the Atlantic to the New World, the athletes got their first view of the New World in Honolulu. In San Francisco a day later they celebrated Christmas, and one girl, Swimmer Szusza Ordogh (see below), was welcomed to a new life in a West Coast home, while the others flew on to New York for more receptions before, in most cases, starting on tours for Hungarian relief or renewing training in their specialties with a view to taking part in the U.S. winter sports season. In the U.S. their sponsors include SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, the National Catholic Welfare Council and First Aid for Hungary, Inc.

16-YEAR OLD SZUSZA ORDOGH, WHO WILL LIVE WITH THE RANEYS IN SEATTLE



FAMED RUNNER László Tóth (left) and Coach Mihály Igles (right) Christmas in a San Francisco home.

FIRST GLIMPSE of Manhattan through bus window. First-class group arriving from Idlewild Airport.



WONDERFUL WORLD
continued



WORLD CHAMPION FENCER LIDIA ODZINSKA REGISTERS JOYOUS SURPRISE AT FINDING REFUGEE BROTHER GEORGE ALREADY SAFE IN AMERICA



ERVIN ZADOR EMBRACES BROTHER ZOLTAN IN REUNION AT AIRPORT
NEW YORK IMMIGRATION SERVICE GAVE GROUP QUICK CLEARANCE



DAN FERRIS SHOWS RULES TO WATER FIDDLIST MELOS MARTIN



HAPPINESS—AND HARD WORK

With their flight from Melbourne behind them, the Iron Curtain athletes relaxed for the holidays, but not for long. For some, freedom meant reunion with loved ones already here. For all it meant an opportunity to work for the benefit of those less fortunate. In a series of exhibitions that will take the team through much of the U.S., the Olympians will raise money to send back home. This week they will be in Miami; after that the aquatic specialists will go one way and fencers and gymnasts another, while Tihodri gets ready for indoor track meets in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Milwaukee and Cleveland.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

MILER TABORI TAKES HIS FIRST U.S. WORKOUT IN CENTRAL PARK ▶



MELBOURNE: A HUMAN STORY

Recollected in tranquillity, the climactic contests of the Games remain for a great athlete a memory of individual achievement, of men "become suddenly and joyously free"

by ROGER BANNISTER

NOW THE Olympic harvest is reaped. The Games were a triumphal sporting festival, not the bitter burlesque they might have been. Seldom has such political strife greeted the opening ceremony, perhaps not since 480 B.C. when some Greeks lingered at Olympia while others died at Thermopylae. In 1948 at London the uncertainty lacked the universality of our present troubles. That the Olympic Games took place at all was remarkable. We owe their success, even with the shenanigans of the diving judges and water polo teams, partly to Australian munificence but mainly to the fact that the Olympic idea is too good to be trampled underfoot by politics.

As in ancient times the modern Games revealed their heroes—the men who by their prodigious striving toward athletic perfection personify the search for excellence in all things. Melbourne produced several track claimants for the Olympic crown—Kuts, Morrow, Courtney, Delany, Brasher. Kuts has the greatest claim of all. He does not win our sympathy or our affection; he simply demands respect with each remorseless stride that seems to grind the opposition underfoot. Despite the lack of any outstanding physical gifts, Kuts is admirable for the manner in which he made himself by sweat, toil and tears. Zátopek's aura has descended upon Kuts's chunky frame, upon those features so impassive save when fleetingly lit by triumph.

For me the Games began in the opening ceremony when Zátopek, hero of Helsinki, suddenly flung his hat wildly in the air in no particular direction as a gesture of spontaneous delight as he passed the duke's stand. Unwittingly,

he linked for the first time in the Games those who watched and those who ran; he forged in that moment the intangible steel that gives the Games their strength. For me the Games ended when on the last day of the track and field events Zátopek finished sixth in the marathon—the lion with his claws finally drawn, glorying at last not in the winning but in the taking part. Throughout his career he has embodied the Olympic ideals—love of the fierce, uncompromising struggle, always tempered with a touch of humor; generosity in victory, graciousness in defeat.

I have a feeling of sadness that Zátopek's records have been eclipsed by a less colorful personality who cannot, in Zátopek's masterly way, take stock not only of the competitors but also of the crowd. The only sign of Kuts's humanity rests on his slender admission that during his annual holiday he drinks his share of vodka. I doubt if he practices running in the bath or carrying his wife on his shoulders—as Zátopek did. Kuts is both faster and

stronger than Zátopek. Like so many inventors, Zátopek has seen others gain greater benefit from his invention than he did himself.

Now I expect to see Kuts break every world record from 5,000 meters upward. If he does this, perhaps he will live as the iron man of 20th century athletics—more vivid in our memories than Nurmi or Zátopek. But Kuts is not invincible. Few spectators realize the improvement that must be expected in these distance races. The ultimate limit must be at least 20 to 30 seconds faster than the 5,000 meters we saw in Melbourne and more than double this in the 10,000 meters. Still, the runner who aspires to defeat Kuts must train with frightening dedication.

The 1,500 symbolizes more than any other race the irresistible surge of record breaking at Melbourne that brought new Olympic marks in 17 out of 24 men's events and records either broken or equaled in all nine women's events. In the 1,500 meters, all the finalists broke the Olympic record. The

continued

AN EPIC OLYMPIC YEAR

The parade through the Italian village of Cortina, in the white-capped Dolomites, opened the VII Winter Games and launched the Olympic competitions of 1956 which were to be held in three countries among 5,848 athletes from 71 countries. Statistics are an unreliable guide to Olympic success, but with that reservation in mind it is only fair to record that the Russians—statistically—won the 1956 Games. They had the largest teams and won the most medals. In the winter competitions, which they entered for the first time, they were not seriously challenged by U.S. athletes, seen (right) parading gaily toward Cortina's Ice Stadium. Later in the year at Melbourne, though, the U.S. was to dominate the track and field events. The following pages recapture some of the most vivid moments of an Olympic year which men will long remember.

16 pages of color photographs by

RICHARD MEEK
JOHN C. ZIMMERMAN

JERRY COOKE
TOM HUTCHINS

BRIAN REED
BY FERRIN





WINTER CLOSING came with traditional ceremony at the Cortina Ice Stadium on the 11th day of the VII Winter Games. Flags of 32 nations were held at salute around the winner's stand before Avery Brundage, president of International Olympic Committee, to honor the Olympic banner (*Arld by heurers*) which had flown over competitions.

WINTER KING Toni Sailer of Austria dominated host of Russian team's over-all victory by taking gold medals in all three downhill ski races, a feat unequalled in history of Games.



WINTER QUEEN Tenley Albright led Americans to five-out-of-six sweep of men's and women's figure skating medals with spectacular executions of jumps like stag leap (right).



SWEDISH INTERLUDE

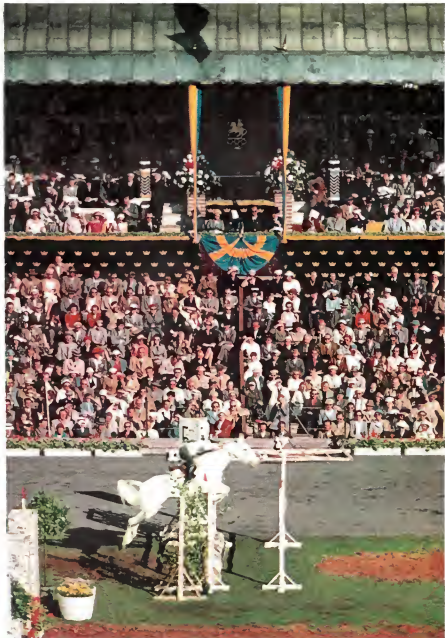
Inflexible restrictions of Australia's quarantine laws (whereby an animal must remain isolated for six months) kept horses from tracking across the Melbourne welcome mat. So in June an Olympic second act was fittingly staged in Stockholm, scene of first Equestrian Games in 1912. The three competitions

brought some 250 horses and their riders in quest of six gold medals. Sweden won three of them, Germany took two and Great Britain the other. The United States and Russia won no medals of any color. The jumping courses were considered by experts the stiffest ever built for Olympic competition.



Team awards for Three-Day competition go to Great Britain, Germany and Canada. Horsemen and Swedish girls in regional costume come to attention as Olympic and British flags are raised. Only eight of the 19 teams completed rigorous test

Royal regard for Gante was evidenced by attendance of King and Queen of Sweden, Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh and 14 princes. Here a Brazilian competitor pilots his horse over the Prix des Nations course



THE GLORY THAT WAS MELBOURNE

The proud emblems of 67 nations flew gently from their staffs, and even the vagabond the Melbourne spring took a sunbathed holiday to celebrate the traditional opening ceremonies of the XVI Olympiad. But inside the hearts of the assembled thousands, whether competitor, coach, official or fan, all was not quite so sunny, nor so gay. Not since 1936 had the Olympic Games opened against such a backdrop of international tension. Yet perhaps this was the greatest glory of the Melbourne Olympics: that on such a day, men and women from nations across the earth ran and jumped and swam and dived and played games as if nothing could ever be so important again. Athletes are not politicians and not necessarily profound thinkers. Their accomplishments—and the records they set and the medals they won were impressive in themselves—became almost secondary to the harmony they created and the trust that everyone had. Thus Melbourne delivered a testimony to the unquerable essence of the human spirit.

BRILLIANT ARRAY OF COLORS was provided by flag-bearers gathered in front of the Duke of Edinburgh, with De Coubertin's words an inspiring backdrop.





THE OLYMPIC MOVEMENT TENDS TO BRING TOGETHER
IN A RADIANT UNION
ALL THE QUALITIES
WHICH GUIDE MANKIND TO PERFECTION
CLASSIFICATION OF POINTS ON A NATIONAL BASIS IS NOT PERMITTED





THE BRITISH GIRLS appeared fresh and cool in their white uniforms and rakish hats despite the opening day heat. Britain, along with Australia and Germany, had some of the fastest women runners in the world, taking second in 400-meter relay.





THE BLUE-CLAD LEGIONS of India swung into the stadium led by pretty, teen-age sprinter Mary Rao. Unlucky Miss Rao pulled a muscle in a losing 100-meter heat, but her teammates emerged with their sixth consecutive field hockey title.

SOVIET ATHLETES showed a friendliness at the Melbourne Olympics which had been absent at Cortina and at Helsinki four years before. Below, Russians and Americans mingle happily on the stadium infield during the opening day ceremonies.





THE PAIN OF MAXIMUM EFFORT reflected in their faces, gold medal winners Tom Courtney (left) and Charley Jenkins combined to bring the U.S. still another track and field victory in the 1,600-meter relay.





AUSTRALIAN HOUSEWIFE Shirley Strickland won gold medal in the 80-meter hurdles and ranked with countrywoman Betty Cuthbert as women track stars of the Olympics. Australian newspapers posed the 31-year-old mother Madonna fashion with her 3-year-old son, nicknamed her "Marvel Mum" and made the family scene (right) the most popular picture of Games.





LION'S SHARE of the weight-lifting honors went to musclemen of the U.S. and U.S.S.R. Russian Medical Student Arkady Vornichev (above) captured the gold medal in the middle-heavyweight class with Dave Sheppard of the U.S. second, Jean Debut of France third.

BUNCHED like toy balloons, the 5.5-meter-class boat-wrecked downwind on Melbourne's Port Phillip Bay. Sweden won the 5.5 first-place medal by a comfortable margin, also took Dragon Class gold medal in the seven days of racing.



PRETTY WOMEN GYMNASTS, like the Canadian and Americans above, drew photographers in droves, and U.S. girls, though outmatched in agility and graceful pre-*er*on by the Russians and Hungarians, raised medals for good looks.

PILLARLESS OLYMPIC POOL, newly built for Games, packed in capacity, crowds at every event to watch the head-on clash between the swimmers and divers of Australia and the U.S. The Aussies won eight gold medals, the U.S. five.





BANNISTER

continued from page 24

rare also uncovered a fresh hero, the sprightly young Irishman Ron Delany from Villanova—at the expense of John Landy, who ironically enough was Delany's erstwhile adviser during his American tour.

The first time I met Landy in Melbourne he was fleeing the camp for the evening, a distraught figure crushed by the obituary he received from his own press two weeks before the Games and by the burden of hope from a public that idolized him. Next day he kept his hat on while, before 100,000 people at the opening, he nervously paraphrased the Olympic oath, leaving out a sentence and substituting "honor" for "glory." This was Landy's mental state before the race—a race in which, later, he seemed to astonish himself by his own performance.

I believe Landy could have won this race. But he ran as though he knew he could not win; he ran for a place and not for a gold medal. Had he regained his confidence before the race and by chance or good planning held Delany's position on the last bend, I think the story might have ended differently. But he closed his career proving one point, at least to his own satisfaction: there is no such thing as being a front runner or a follower—it simply depends on the pace at which the race is run. For Landy this race was probably the end of the greatest solo mile running career the world has seen and of an athlete faster, neater and more generous than any other.

To say that Delany was lucky to win does not detract from the brilliance of the young Irishman's running. He succeeded in a crowded field in getting to the right position at the right time with enough energy left to make the most of it. The finalists were all so close in this—the greatest field of milers ever assembled—that if the race had been run again the next day or a week later I would not have been surprised to see another winner. But this is the strength of the Olympics. If you miss, you wait four years for *repêchage*.

Delany, who trains according to the modern interval-running formula, has great natural ability and excellent competitive temperament. When asked afterwards by an American correspondent if he received a check during the race, our minds momentarily flashed to the ghost in Delany's race—the suspended Santee—and we wondered if we were

discussing the old amateur problem. Delany wondered for a moment too. Then, in a broad Irish-American brogue in which the Irish still predominates, he emphatically denied any obstruction. "The track is rather small for 12 people," he said. "Everyone had trouble getting through and, if you got too near a person, you were as likely as not to get a wallop." We took Delany to our hearts when he said: "It was John Landy who taught me how to relax; and if I didn't win myself I wanted Landy to."

At Melbourne, Bobby Morrow made his mark as the greatest consistent sprinter since Jesse Owens. At 21, however, he has had barely time to develop the eccentricities his greatness merits. Sprinters, I have always been convinced, are born, not made, but some condition of American life makes them flourish as nowhere else in the world. According to "scientific" prediction, sprint performances should be leveling out. But this season, with Ira Murchison, Willie Williams and Dave Sime, there is no sign that this universal stalemata has descended.

I must be forgiven for personal words about Chris Brasher's victory in the steeplechase. I never dreamed I could feel so happy to see another man win. Brasher's victory has a significance for athletes all over the world. When Kuts won both the 5,000 and 10,000 meters,

I sadly felt like writing an obituary for long distance amateurs. In his profession, Kuts could hardly manage even a 40-hour week when he runs five hours a day. Could any athlete in the future, I wondered, do a normal day's work and still win an Olympic title? If he could not, then the Olympics would have lost their *raison d'être*. But Brasher's victory gave us all fresh hope. He works a full office day, trains hard and still has the unbounded energy for a wide range of hobbies, including mountaineering. But the Brasher who was once considered for a Himalayan reconnaissance expedition has now climbed his own personal Everest. He has shown the world the self-conquest that can be achieved through running.

It is impossible to distill the quintessence of these champions because there is no universal stuff. Olympians are made of. They do have in common unlimited belief in their power to shape their physical destinies, coupled with a lot of hard work. But beyond this they are excessive individualists; they may wear their countries' vests, these victors, but they compete for themselves. At Melbourne the difference among various athletes lay far less in their differing physical abilities than in their mental strength. Olympic victors need a capacity for great but well-controlled mental excitement which

continued on next page



"Goodness! That's our pro."

GIANT TORCH RESEMBLING ICE CREAM CONE DOMINATED MELBOURNE'S STREETS

brings with it ability to overcome or ignore the pain of supreme effort.

Track and field athletes are the most fascinating of sportsmen to watch. Unlike the players in team games they must, after solitary days of waiting, bear their success or failure alone. No teammate mitigates the pure joy of triumph or the hufflets of defeat.

The nervous tension in the Melbourne arena was breathtaking. A hundred thousand people were always alternately hushed and roaring. Each athlete, knowing the high price paid by over nervous temperament, developed his own method of retaining enough self-control to survive the ordeal. There was the muttering self-hypnosis of Parry O'Brien, the perfectionist not content with his gold medal and a throw of 60 feet 11 inches. There was the religious fervor in the death-knoll winner Campbell, who forsook the hurdles because of the direction of "the good Lord." Willie White, the Tennessee long jumper, a 17-year-old Negro orphan who read the Bible between jumps, gave this advice to other athletes: "Rock 'n' roll as you like—put your trust in God—have fun but live clean and you'll do O.K. as an athlete." Bob Richards lay in the sand after setting a new Olympic record, his eyes turned heavenwards.

Imagine to yourself the surprise victor who, after barely making his country's team, excels himself and mounts the rostrum, while 10,000 miles away anxious parents are listening at early

down to their son's victory. His mother in dressing gown and slippers has her domestic calm shattered by successive invasions of photographers, who are delighted by the polite naivety and docility of their prey. Mother unwisely hands over precious snapshots of the infant Hercules in diapers. Some parents have patiently borne every athletic setback with their offspring. Others have never seen their sons run. "My father has a preference for baseball," one winner said tamely, as the spotlight of world curiosity focused on his private life in that dangerous cubicle, the press room, where, just as on the track, medals are lost and won.

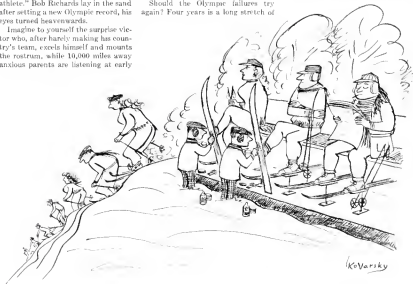
Sometimes the story is the more tragic one of having to adjust to disappointment and defeat. To me the 110-meter hurdles held the heartbreak of the Games. In the final, Jack Davis, who broke the world record two weeks before the Games, drew the unlucky fifth lane with the soft patch 30 yards from the start. After training for four long years, in his second Olympics he again ran second, equalling the winner's time, which on both occasions was a new Olympic record. For Jack Davis world records can only be the consolation prizes after gold medals are missed. It is too much to wait another four years hoping that fortune might be kinder.

Should the Olympic failures try again? Four years is a long stretch of

anyone's life. It seems right, in a way, that, for better or worse, the chance of competing for the highest stakes in sport should come only once. Chris Chataway, the golden-haired boy of Britain's team, developed the first stomach cramp of his career while running at Kuts's shoulder in the 10th lap of the 5,000 meters and crawled home in his slowest time in years. It might have happened to anyone; why did it happen to him? He believes that he might have beaten Kuts, as he already had done once in his life. Who will ever know now?

Each Olympic incident told a story. It was not a story of state subsidization or international rivalry, but a human story that stretches back, if we could uncover it: to childhood, to schoolboy ambitions and the seeds of achievement. It looks forward from the Olympics to trials on a bigger scale than sport. It stretches to the victors who can tackle life with new poise and confidence. Brasher, a boyhood admirer of T. E. Lawrence, grazed a week before his victory: "I long to be free from the body that has imprisoned me for so long." Victors need never again be worried by the human bondage of purely physical things. They become suddenly and joyously free.

END



Kovarsky

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...

YEAR-END HONORS

Bobby Morrow, Texas' Olympic sprint champion; **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sportsman of the Year** (see page 6); **Mickey Mantle**, New York Yankees' golden boy; Associated Press male athlete of 1956, **Pat McCormick**, Olympic double gold-medal-winning diver at Helsinki and Melbourne; AP female athlete of 1956; Amateur Athletic Union Sullivan trophy, **Rouven Wyatt**, brawny tutor of Tennessee's undefeated Volunteers; Scripps-Howard newspapers' football coach of 1956, **Dewey Hallow**, of Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa; National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics (small college) football coach of 1956, **Floyd Patterson**, mint-new heavyweight champion; *Ring* magazine boxer of 1956, **Frank Gifford**, versatile New York Giants' halfback; National Football League player of 1956, **Jim Swink**, standout TCU back, used as decoy this season; Suede Nelson football award for sportsmanship, **Jerry Tubbs**, All-America Oklahoma center; Knute Rockne award of Washington's Touchdown Club for football linemen of 1956.

RECORD BREAKERS

George Byers, Columbus auto dealer, waited all day for winds to calm, led mass assault on world hydroplane records on Island Waterway at Hollywood Beach, Fla. Byers raised his seven-liter mark from 125.448 mph to 133.59. Kansas City's **Sid Street** upped his 266-cu.-in. record from 127.864 to 132.69. **Ronald Smith**, Mount



Sammy Guamualva, a bold 25-year-old Houston swinger, revived ebbling U.S. tennis hopes with exuberant Davis Cup performance at Adelaide, Australia, although relentless Aussies sneered U.S. team 5-0, repeating last Cup win.



Nancy O'Connell, port 16-year-old Chicagoan, successfully defended her national girls' indoor tennis title on Longwood court at Brookline, Mass. with a 7-3, 6-3 victory over Phyllis Saganaki. She shared the doubles title with Donna Floyd.

Holly, N.J., sped 111.641 mph in 225-cu.-in. boat; **Carlo Mancillo**, Miami, added fourth record of 37.664 mph in 36-cu.-in. runabout (Dec. 27).

Tineke Lagerberg, latest of Holland's teen-age (15) swimming phenomena, lowered American Shelley Mann's 2:44.4 time clocking for 200-meter butterfly to 2:42.3 at Bussum, The Netherlands (Dec. 30).

FOOTBALL

New York Giants won first NFL championship since 1935, rubbing it in 47-7 over Chicago Bears before 37,000 frothing fans in Yankee Stadium. Stone-wall Giant defense, anchored by Andy Robustelli, Roxy Orier, pinned Bear attack, while Backs Frank Gifford, Mel Triplett, Chuck Conerly and Alex Webster had field day (see page 50).

Georgia Tech's Yellow Jackets denied Pittsburgh revenge for 1956 Sugar Bowl defeat, stung game Panthers 21-14 in Gator Bowl as Coach Bobby Dodd kept clean eight-game bowl record (see page 51). Stanford's pass master John Brodie spurred West to 7-6 upset over East in Shrine game. Oklahoma power helped North upend South 17-7 in Shrine all-star match in Orange Bowl, Blues trounced Grays 14-0 in Montgomery, Ala. all-star game. Small-college leaders Montana State and St. Joseph's of Indiana slugged to scoreless tie in mud at Little Rock in NAIA Aluminum Bowl (see below).

Coaching musical-chairs season warmed

up as ex-Oklahoma star Darrell Royal pumped second contract in 10 months, left \$17,000-a-year Washington U. post for longer pact (five years) and "more of that other stuff" at Texas U.

TENNIS

Australia's Wanderkinder, Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall, rocked Americans in opening singles, rolled on as anticipated to blank U.S. in Davis Cup tourney 5-0 for second straight year. But Houston's slashing Sammy Guamualva, in Challenge Round debut, delighted Adelaide, Australia crowds, lifted lagging U.S. hopes for future. Hustling Jack Kramer immediately signed Rosewall to \$85,000, two-season, tax-free pro contract with fringe trimmings, continued stage of reluctant Hoad (see page 45).

Pancho Gonzales won top pro ranking for fourth consecutive year.

BASKETBALL

Basketball's bumper holiday spree kept ball bouncing from coast to coast. In top events undefeated Kansas unleashed awesome Whit Chamberlain, whose 45 points helped destroy Colorado 89-54 in Big Seven tourney; Lenise Rosenbluth led undefeated North Carolina to Dixie Classic victory over Wake Forest 63-55; surprising Manhattan College took New York's Holiday Festival games with 86-19 defeat of Notre Dame (see page 46).

Boston Celtics, with welcome newcomer

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



MUD-BATHED gridders grapple in NAIA Aluminum Bowl at Little Rock as the ball squirts from Montana State's Back Dave Alt. State and St. Joseph's of Indiana slugged to scoreless tie.



SUN-BATHED spectators, 18,000 of them, cram Memorial Drive Stadium in Adelaide, Australia for Davis Cup tennis. In contrast, U.S.-Mexico eliminations drew just 35 last summer.

SCOREBOARD



Dave Sims. Duke's great sprinter who missed Olympics because of injured groin muscle, made sensational comeback in Sugar Bowl meet, tying official world 100-meter mark of 10.2. (Learnon King, Willie Williams, U.S., held recent 10.1s.)



Mrs. Dorothy Rigney gained control of Chicago White Sox with stock bought from her mother, late owner Mrs. Grace Comiskey. Rest of stock was split evenly between Dorothy and brother, Chuck Comiskey, who with Mr. Rigney runs Sox.



Aldo T. (Buff) Bonelli, head football coach at Boston U. since 1947, succeeded retiring Lou Little at Columbia, where he will coach his 18-year-old son Dick, who chose Columbia in order to "make it" on his own.

Bill Russell living up to San Francisco and Olympic notices, kept NBA Eastern Division driver's seat. Rochester retained Western perch.

BOXING

Boxing's skeletons rattled in San Antonio, where No. 3 welterweight Art Aragon lost a patsy, and Los Angeles, where Promoter Babe McCoy was suspended for life (see page 14).

HOCKEY

Detroit Red Wings invaded Boston, bounced upstart Bruins from NHL lead, promptly lost it back in Detroit.

HORSE RACING

Traffic Judge. route-going 4-year-old son of famed Albhani, winner of Withers, Woodward Stakes at 3, brought fifth highest price in Thoroughbred history. E. Barry Ryan and L. P. Doherty of Lexington, Ky. bought him for \$382,345 from estate of Clifford Mooers.

Thoroughbred racing in 1958 had biggest and best year. Record 30,174,322 customers poured record \$2,331,328,149 into pari-mutuel maws, from which states claimed record \$164,418,294.

HARNESS RACING

Harness racing, like Thoroughbred sport, had best year yet. Betting reached \$540,857,647; attendance 10,533,133; states' revenues \$38,074,639.

Billy Haughton, hell-for-leather sulky

pilot, was leading money-winning driver for fifth straight year, with \$572,943; won most races (167) for fourth straight.

MILEPOSTS

BORN—To Jim Lee Howell, silver-haired New York Giants football coach, and wife Susan; son Mark, in New York.

MARRIED—Ensign George Webb, heady quarterback of Navy's 1955 Sugar Bowl-winning "team of desire"; to Sandra Hubbsak, of Bedford, Pa.

APPOINTED—John Hay (Jack) Whitney, New York financier-sportsman; as U.S. ambassador to Great Britain.

DIED—Carmen Palmiero, 19, promising 6-foot-5 Penn State sophomore basketball player; in Pennsylvania Turnpike auto accident near Lebanon.

DIED—Charles Francis Cee, 66, onetime Navy Fleet welterweight boxing champion, author, lawyer, journalist; in Palm Beach.

DIED—Brother Herman, 75, director of athletics and onetime teacher of Babe Ruth at St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore; of heart ailment, in Baltimore.

DIED—Robert Sterling Clark, 79, sportsman-art collector whose Thoroughbred Never Say Die in 1954 gave U.S. first English Epsom Derby triumph in 40 years; of stroke, in Williamstown, Mass.

FOR THE RECORD

BOATING

KENNY LAUTERBAUGH Portsmouth, Va., George Best, Naples International Grand Prix in 260 cc. in hydroplane, Miami Beach.

BOXING

HURRICANE JACKSON, 10 round decision over Jake Medelot, heavyweight, Milwaukee
WILLIE PASIPANO, 10 round decision over Charley Rosen, heavyweight, Miami Beach
CASPAR ORTEGA, 10 round decision over Tony DeMarch, welterweight, New York
RINO VALDES, 6 round TKO over Ness Friedman, heavyweight, Outwood, Germany
CHICO WALKER, 1 round TKO over Al Andrews, middleweight, Miami Beach

CHECKER

BRITAIN over South Africa, by 135 runs, first test match, Johannesburg.

FOOTBALL

FAR EAST ARMY ALL-STARS, over Air Force All-Stars, 21-6, Rice Bowl, Tokyo.

GOLF

SAM LINDAS, 15,000 Brics Kabon, Fla. tournament with 48-45, 65-702. Professional majors: Seod, Walter Skiving, Thomas Shewin, Morrie Bright.

HORSE RACING

ELLEN NGST, \$30,280 Maiden Second Stakes, 7 f. in mare, in 1:23, Santa Anita, San Lewis ca.
PRINCE BRALLO, \$27,250 California Breeders' Trial, 7 f., by 5 lengths, in 1:21 4/5, Santa Anita, Eddie Arcore ca.
POINTERBLOSS, \$27,550 Paces Wades Handicap, 6 f. by 1 1/2 lengths, in 1:10 1/5, Santa Anita, Eddie Arcore ca.

LACROSSE

SOUTH, over North, 6-2, Coconut Bowl, West Palm Beach, Fla.

TENNIS

TOM BROWN JR., over Mervyn Rest, 6-4, 4-6, 1-6, 6-1, 6-5, Sugar Bowl International San Diego
Douglas Sidney Schwartz-Bavard, Ruydas over Bryan-Gardner Muller, 6-2, 6-6.

WRESTLING

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH Women College Wrestling Tournament, 56 points, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



NATIONAL FITNESS program and plans for 1957 occupy President, Vice-President and Fitness Director Shane MacCarthy.



UNIVERSAL SMILE of new mother Illumines twice-blessed Barbara McColl, wife of Chicago Bears' slotback-end Bill McColl. Bonnie (left) weighed 5 pounds 12 ounces, Carrie 6 pounds 15 ounces. Daddy had bad news: Bears 7, N.Y. Giants 47 in pro title game.

A happy-go-lucky Texan won the hearts of the Aussie fans in a losing cause as the U.S. Davis Cup team met

DOOM DOWN UNDER

ADELAIDE

SINCE I have been connected with the Davis Cup I have never seen our team come up to a match in better mental and physical state. That we were not able to convert this sharpness into victory is proof of the state into which our tennis has fallen.

We came to Adelaide, the quiet, conservative capital of South Australia, loose and hopeful. We had achieved our goal—the Challenge Round—and felt we might be able to tear down the terrific odds against us in the final matches. Our boys looked anything but cattle ready to be led to the slaughterhouse. At the breakfast table they read dreary headlines predicting a clean Australian sweep and joked about them. They all felt they had a good chance.

We cannot be ashamed of our showing, despite the one-sided score which goes into the record books. Sammy Giammalva, a 22-year-old Texan apparently without an inhibition or a nerve in his rugged body, to some extent stole the show of the 45th Davis Cup Challenge Round. The people loved him, and he was the saving grace of our second straight 5-0 Davis Cup rout at the hands of the factory-made and precision-tooled Australians.

Sammy's court mannerisms are all spontaneous. He plays tennis with a refreshing zest and enthusiasm and with a boldness and intensity not often found in modern players.

Never before in a Challenge Round, the thickest, knowlegged University of Texas junior from Houston teamed with Vle Seixas and came close to pulling off what would have been an unbelievable upset over the world's best amateur doubles team, Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall.

With the cup already clinched for Australia, Sammy was substituted for Herbie Flam in the final day's singles and put up a stirring fight against Rosewall. To become a true champion, Sammy must learn to move more quickly, and must improve his reflexes at the net. He has a powerful service, a fine forehand and one of the deadliest

overheads in tennis. But his big forte is his courage—and his exuberance.

The fact is that in every match we had a chance and in at least three we were as good as even and beaten by a wayward shot or a momentary mistake in judgment. Nevertheless, this Challenge Round certainly must convince us that until we alter our thinking on tennis in America we must content ourselves with being at best the perennial international bridesmaid of the sport. There is danger even of losing that financially valuable position.

Referring to Hoad and Rosewall, an Adelaide editorial said: "For seven precious years they have given their lives to amateur tennis."

In business or sport it is impossible to compete except on the same level. We can't take boys who play tennis four months a year and expect them

to beat rivals who are coached and cajoled the year around.

We must take positive measures to build our national tennis interest and with it our talent. We must institute an organized program for the development of our youth. We must have clinics for them and good coaches.

Australia certainly is weakened by the loss of Rosewall (who has signed a lucrative professional contract with Jack Kramer) for Davis Cup play, but it is questionable whether the series between the Aussies and America will be noticeably tightened. To fill the gap left by Rosewall's departure, Hopman has a fine young player in Ashley Cooper and another top-rung man in left-handed Neale Fraser. I wouldn't

United States and Australian Davis Cup teams have met 21 times in Challenge Round finals. Australia leads 11-10.

feel too confident in sending our cup team against this pair.

I am elated at the showing of Giammalva here, but we must take a tip from Australia and not be content to produce our players singly and in eras. If we are to maintain our position as a dominant tennis nation we must set up our own assembly line and turn them out like Fords. (END)



BAREBACKED HOAD GIRLS. Jennifer and daughter Jane, relax as Lew (in background) prepares for Davis Cup.

HAPPY HOLIDAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

A VERITABLE harem of basketball—40-odd tournaments engaging the talents of hundreds of teams and thousands of young men—swept the country last week as colleges everywhere celebrated Christmas-New Year vacations with festival round robins.

In the process, in many areas early-season team estimates were hopelessly scrambled. For the unique feature of most of these tournaments is that they bring together teams whose regular schedules normally keep them thousands of miles apart; thus, intraconference styles of play are tested, as well as individuals, with interesting results. For example:

- Brigham Young University of Provo, Utah brought a 80-80, 4-4 record all the way to Madison Square Garden in New York and, in their first game, wrecked the national ranking of strong St. John's 89-75.
- Pittsburgh, undistinguished except for fiery, 5-foot-9 Don Hennon and already the victim of a dreadful 100-69

loss to Ohio State, found Miami's sunshine a strong tonic, walloped Seton Hall, a former top-20 team, 76-60 in the Orange Bowl.

- Unheralded Virginia Tech, making up in drive what it lacked in finesse, was within six seconds of beating mighty Kentucky, one of the country's three best, before losing 56-55 in the Sugar Bowl.

In all this fury of split-second footwork and split-second handwork which provides the sport's compelling charm, no better basketball was played before more appreciative audiences than at Raleigh, North Carolina, home of the Dixie Classic. The Classic's four host teams—North Carolina State, North Carolina, Duke, Wake Forest—have for years been among the best anywhere. Indeed, if they did not spend most of the regular season knocking each other off, all four would undoubtedly enjoy consistently higher national rankings. The quality of play is further enhanced by the selection of the guests.

This year—a typical field—they included: Iowa, defending champion of the Big Ten; Utah, the Skyline champion; West Virginia, the Southern Conference champion; De Paul, a perennial power among the independents.

This kind of competition draws overflow crowds to State's spacious (12,400-seat) Reynolds Coliseum, where the games are played. For seven consecutive years, the Coliseum has led all campus arenas in basketball attendance (last year's total: 281,000). This year, each Classic session played to capacity audiences, highly partisan to the host teams, who were never at a loss for victories to celebrate. For despite the presence among them of three conference champions, all four visiting squads were soundly beaten in the very first round of action: West Virginia by Duke, Utah by North Carolina, Iowa by State, De Paul by Wake Forest. This was a powerful affirmation of the excellence of Carolina basketball, the only real surprise being the relatively poor



YOUTHFUL BEAUTY AND ENCHANTMENT (IN EQUAL PROPORTIONS, ABOVE) ARE WELL REPRESENTED AT RALEIGH'S DIXIE CLASSIC TOURNAMENT

FREE-FOR-ALL

All over the country the sound of rubber on hardwood rang in Basketball 1957 as collegians celebrated the season with a spectacular round of holiday tournaments

showing of previously undefeated (8-0) West Virginia, whose All-America, Rod Hundley, was at considerably less than his usual brilliant form. Mountaineer Coach Fred Schaus forlornly explained it this way: "In our first eight games, we didn't have a really bad half. Here we played maybe three minutes of good ball through the whole tournament. Hundley looked like any other player."

The Classic then settled down to intrastate warfare among Carolina teams, and two things seemed apparent: State, though it had won six of seven earlier tournaments, did not deserve consideration as favorite, and North Carolina's Len Rosenbluth was the player to watch. Both estimates were quickly proved sound. In the second round, Wake Forest overwhelmed State, and Rosenbluth contributed 32 points to Carolina's victory over Duke.

The final pairing—N. Carolina vs. Wake Forest—could have led to a psychological letdown for Carolina. As their coach, Frank McGuire, puts it: "Beating NC State is the first rule around here, although some of the alumni like to beat Duke even better." Deprived of either opportunity, the Tarheels were nevertheless eager and determined, possibly because McGuire and practically all his players are New York City area products and do not share completely in local Carolina feelings about natural rivalry. "I myself," McGuire adds, "like to beat anybody." His boys showed the same disinterest in the identity of their victims. Playing very carefully, and bucking a tight Wake Forest zone defense plus a double-teaming effort directed at Rosenbluth, they were the better team by more than the 63-55 score indicated. Rosenbluth was the high scorer with 18 and was voted the Classic's outstanding player. But his value as a decoy while Joe Quigg and Bill Hathaway controlled the backboards and Tommy Kearns set up Carolina

continued on next page



LEN ROSENBLUTH, Carolina's deadly sharp-shooter, scrambles for the ball against Utah's Bill Paul (left) and Rex Ballentyne in Dixie opener won by the Tarheels 67-56.

FREE-FOR-ALL

continued from page 17

plays was the really critical difference.

Elsewhere, two performances—several hundred miles apart—continued the intriguing buildup toward a forthcoming duel (next March) during the NCAA tournament between two of the best big men in college ball today—Jim Krebs of SMU and Wilt Chamberlain of Kansas. The less publicized Krebs, injured earlier and playing with his left thigh tightly taped in SMU's final game against Arkansas, was nevertheless voted top man in the Southwest Conference tournament at Houston. Awkward and overweight last year, Krebs has brought his 6-foot-6 frame down to a mere 225 pounds, with a consequent increase in mobility. But that's only part of the story. "Jim's greatest attribute," says his coach, Doc Hayes, "is the way he works at improving himself. He has skipped rope a good thousand miles to quicken his movements. A lot of big boys are just too lazy to do that." Krebs was second highest scorer with 78, as SMU won the tournament for

the third time. And he demonstrated a Chamberlainlike ability to commit himself at the precise instant, go way up and block opposing shots in midair. His boardwork plus the accurate long-range sniping of Larry Showalter and Ned Duncan were simply too much for a surprisingly tenacious Arkansas. When the bright-robed SMU squad marched to center court to receive their trophy watches, Announcer Morris Frank saluted them as "the greatest Methodists since John Wesley and Doak Walker"—which appeared to cover the situation from all conceivable angles.

Due north in Kansas City, the role played by the towering (7 feet) Chamberlain could hardly have been better contrived, dramatically speaking, by a team of Puhtzer playwrights. His first act was slow but studded with just enough interest to compel his audience to return for the second to see what would happen next. (He scored only 12 points while Kansas squeaked by Iowa State 58-57.) In the second act, he opened the stops a hit further but carefully avoided satiating the appetites of spectators. He was still a hit better than good enough, with 38 points, as Kansas beat Oklahoma 74-56. Then, for a climactic, roll-'em-in-the-aisles last act performance, he lived up to every line of the advance publicity which had drawn basketball experts and just plain fans from all over the country. He smashed all tournament scoring records—his 45 points were the most for a single game; his total of 93 was the highest for all three games. All during the tournament, he swept both offensive and defensive boards, refusing to be blocked out, consistently outpositioning his guards. Repeatedly, he would establish himself under his own board and encourage teammates to shoot, arrogantly sure of his ability to get the ball again if it didn't go in. Kansas, of course, won the title.

There remains to be recorded one final footnote to this stimulating, colorful and best-attended of all holiday season basketball festivals. In Evansville, Indiana, Mississippi State was scheduled to meet Evansville College in the final game of Evansville's invitational tournament. As tip-off time approached, Don Ping, Evansville's athletic director, read a statement to the assembled spectators. It explained that Mississippi State's representatives had been called home by their school administration, would not play because there were Negro players on their opponents' squads.

END



MANHATTAN'S Lombardo (45) snags rebound in 86-79 victory over Notre Dame.



WEST VIRGINIA'S Hundley uses flashy behind-the-back pass during 73-67 Duke loss.



KANSAS' Chamberlain shows superiority off boards during 74-56 win over Oklahoma.

MAJOR TOURNAMENT CHAMPIONS

BIG SEVEN

Kansas 89 Colorado 54

BLUEGRASS

Louisville 61 Dayton 53

DIXIE CLASSIC

North Carolina 63 Wake Forest 55

FAR WEST CLASSIC

Oregon State 71 Washington 58

GATOR BOWL

Georgia 64 South Carolina 62

HOLIDAY FESTIVAL

Manhattan 85 Notre Dame 79

KENTUCKY INVITATIONAL

Kentucky 91 Illinois 70

MEADOW CITY CLASSIC

Detroit 94 Northwestern 84

NCAA TIP-OFF

Texas-Southern 79 St. Francis 67

ALL-COLLEGE

Seattle 70 Oklahoma City 69

ORANGE BOWL

Connecticut 64 Pittsburgh 60

REXMOND INVITATIONAL

Lafayette 64 Penn State 59

SUGAR BOWL

Kentucky 111 Houston 75

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Southern Methodist 64 Arkansas 60

QUEEN CITY

Cornell 84 Minnesota 75

● **HORSE RACING** by **WHITNEY TOWER**

New York's \$2 bettor is the racing fan who gives most and receives least. Now a hard-hitting report warns of

DANGER AHEAD

PROBABLY few Manhattan racing fans bother to read the financial pages of their newspapers. But if they had bothered last week, they would have come across a long and indigestible report which nonetheless contained some basic facts-of-life lessons for that mainstay of the turf—the \$2 bettor.

Some of the information was interesting or useful: New York horse players had a daily per capita betting average of \$87.69 last year—their highest in 11 years. The \$2 bettor saw 33% of all post-time favorites win 19% of the 1,496 flat races contested—and yet if he had bet on each favorite from April 2 to November 15 he would have come home a loser of nearly \$300 (or 10% of his investments).

But most of the information was full of frightening omissions, for this report by the State Racing Commission to the New York Secretary of State made it perfectly clear that unless legislative action lends a helping hand in 1957 the entire structure of New York racing is in danger of a general collapse within the next few years.

New York racgoers have inherited a proud racing tradition. They have put up with frightful conditions for years while watching with a jealous eye the competitive progress being made in the neighboring state of New Jersey. And still the state of New York, which pulls in more tax revenue from racing than from any other single enterprise (\$45 million in 1956), persists in blindly ignoring the advances made by racing in other states and at the same time selfishly denies the \$2 bettor the fairer break he receives in every one of the other 23 states which legalize pari-mutuel betting.

If this sounds like undue criticism of state government, let's take a closer look at the facts. In general, the system of taxation on racing in this country is set up so that the total tax varies between 10% and 16%. In New York the total tax is 15%—as it also is in racing-minded Florida. In Massachusetts it is 14%, in California and New

Jersey it is 13%. However, in all states the total tax is split at least two ways—and it is in this vital split that New York racgoers get the worst break of all. Of the 15% that comes out of every dollar wagered on a New York track 11% tumbles into the state coffers in Albany and only 4% is retained by the track (only in upstate Saratoga is the split 10-5 instead of 11-4). In Florida the tracks receive 7% of the total takeout—or, in other words, 3% more on every dollar than is retained by New York's tracks and precisely enough to assure the annual winter visitor to Tropical Park, Hialeah and Gulfstream that he can expect to discover costly expansions and new facilities year after year.

In New York no such possibility now exists. Even with the formation of the Greater New York Association and the final approval last week for the construction of a multimillion-dollar track at Aqueduct, racing in the state must remain static until tax revisions are made in Albany. For, while a track in New York can operate—and has done so—without loss on its stingy 4% take, there will never be enough money left over even to start thinking about maintaining a program of steady improvements on a group of antiquated establishments that were all built over 50 years ago.

The fans who support racing are being asked to give too much while getting nothing in return. Last year the 24 states which have legalized pari-mutuel betting contributed the staggering sum of \$165 million in tax revenues. Thoroughbred racing in New York contributed more than a quarter of that sum—very close to the sum of its two closest competitors—California and New Jersey. But if the state of New York doesn't increase the track's takeout to 5%, while reducing its own cut to 10%, at the coming legislative session, it may well be striking a mortal blow at the heart of Thoroughbred racing.

The situation is desperate. **END**

Sportswear

ILLUSTRATED



MANUEL ANGELES, professional football player in Mexico, wears Jantzen "Welter Weight" High Diver trunks of firm, textured fabric with mock fly front, elasticized waistband, built-in supporter. 28-40, \$4.95.

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Guinevere

turned the tables
on Arthur



Lady Guinevere and Sir Lancelot made a neat triangle out of King Arthur's round table. Thank how successful his majesty might have been, had he been able to exchange his royal robes for an "After Six" tuxedo. The Avon Garde styling is disarming, the informal comfort, undeniable.



Write for free Dress Chart to Best Tailor's Selection on this tuxedo.

AFTER SIX FORMALS • DEPT. 5, PHILA. 3, PA.

NOTES ON A GELID AFTERNOON

WHEN the goal posts went down before the rush of delicious New York fans, the scoreboard read, incredibly, "Giants 47 Bears 7." On the frozen, marblelike surface of Yankee Stadium the players shuffled doggedly through the mob—the Giants grinning at well-wishers, the Bears pushing quietly, sullenly through the gloating Giant rooters.

For more than two hours of this gelid December afternoon the New York Giants played football with the savage precision of true professionals. Chuck Conerly, the old pro (34, Dec. 3) who directs the Giant offense, bowed his aerial salvos with meticulous aim; the thunderous Giant runnees moved with sure-footed power over this slippery field. The Giant lines—both offensive and defensive—administered a thorough cuffing to the opposing Bear units, and the Giant secondary defense, which had given away two late and tying touchdowns in a regular season game between these same teams, leaked not at all with the world championship in the balance.

Against a team so well equipped and so well prepared, the Bears never really had a chance. They had a reason for the dimension of their defeat, although it was not revealed until after the game—and so is as suspect as any afterthought.

Ed Brown, the Bear quarterback, said it first.

"We were overtrained," he said. "We only had one day off—Christmas Day—preparing for this. What the hell—the Giants got five days off. We were just too tired up."

Another reason for the size of the defeat might have been the Bears' shoes. The Giants wore flat-soled basketball shoes throughout the game and had very little trouble getting traction on the icy field. The Bears tried rubber-soled shoes with short cleats during the first half, changing to flat soles in the second. They had trouble with the cleats, slipping and sliding, and the Giant line moved the Bears as if they were on roller skates.

But the first cause of the Giant victory was the superb team effort of all 33 Giants. This team would have beaten the Bears on any kind of field in any type of shoe.

The Bears had no valid answer to the running of Frank Gifford and Mel Triplett and Alex Webster. The Giant blockers were pounding wide holes in the Bear line and



FOOTWEAR Gifford and Webster, on the frozen field, Bears chose unorthodox rubber-soled shoes. Giants—who wore flat-soled Giant Gifford to escape Bears' Smith 20, pushing team team—win.

these backs—all of whom, run with what pro coaches call sork—just wouldn't give way to the arm tackles of the Chicago linebackers. The passing patterns of the Giants took every advantage of the Bears' sluggish shortcomings, so that Old Pro Conerly, using his rods as deuces, found his halfbacks constantly available for his sharpshooting. On one occasion Gifford went down on a pattern which sends him to the sideline and improvised brilliantly when he found his route blocked, broke into the clear 10 yards behind the Bear defender. The play covered 66 yards, setting up the fifth Giant touchdown. Another time Don Heinrich, who quarterbacked the first quarter for the Giants, changed his call at the line of scrimmage to send Triplett hustling 17 yards through a flaw in the Bear defense for the first touchdown.

Harlon Hill, the incomparable Bear end, and Rick Casares, the Bears' league-leading ground garner, were useless against an inspired Giant defense. Sam Huff, rookie linebacker from West Virginia, dogged Casares all afternoon, keying on the dangerous fullback with each Bear play.

"Those linebackers were terrific," said Hill. "No matter which way I turned, there was a linebacker on me. They were better than us. That's all."

—TEX MAULE



USUALLY BLASE NEW YORK FANS OVERCOME WITH COLLEGIATE ENTHUSIASM FOR THEIR CHAMPION GIANTS. MAKE OFF WITH GOAL POSTS



DEMONSTRATING THE COOL FINESSE OF A GREAT BALL HANDLER, WADE MITCHELL PREPARES A HANDOFF AS THE TECH LINE OPENS A PATH

TECH BRAINS PITT

Georgia Tech's scholarly quarterback gave both Pittsburgh and Gator Bowl fans a 21-14 lesson in how football should be played

WADE TREUTLEN MITCHELL of Atlanta, Ga. is a straight-A textile engineering student who had the highest scholastic ranking in the 5,300-member student body last year at Georgia Institute of Technology. But the 37,683 football fans who jammed Jacksonville's Gator Bowl Stadium in balmy 62° weather and brilliant sunshine last Saturday will remember Wade Mitchell best as the big quarterback who kept the Georgia Tech legend of bowl invincibility alive.

No school in history has been more successful in post-season competition. Beginning in 1929, when Roy Riegel's legendary wrong-way run helped them to an 8-7 Rose Bowl triumph over California, the Engineers have appeared in 13 bowl games, more than any other college. They have won 11 of these, an alltime record. They are the only college ever to have appeared in all five major bowls, to say nothing of having won in each. Their convincing 21-14 triumph over Pittsburgh on Saturday was their sixth bowl victory in as many seasons, and in this most recent one Wade Mitchell, more than any other man, was the architect of victory.

It was Mitchell's finest and final collegiate football performance. He mixed his plays artistically in leading Tech to its first touchdown, picking openings in the middle of the line, where Pitt was strongest. He set up Tech's third score by firing long passes after alertly perceiving that Pitt defenders were leaving potential receivers loosely guarded.

But Mitchell shone on defense even more brightly—shooting the gap to make the vital goal-line tackle that thwarted a long Pitt march inches from its destination,

rearing the secondary all afternoon from his safety position to bring down Pitt ball carriers, covering the Panthers' All-America End Joe Walton so closely that he was never a serious pass-catching threat, and saving the game in the final minute with a beautifully timed leaping interception to grab the ball from the astonished Walton on Tech's 14-yard line as the Panthers were hurrying desperately toward a tying touchdown.

With Mitchell leading the way, the Engineers played a typical Tech game. Troubled with Pitt's well-executed draw plays and reverses, Tech gave ground freely most of the time, conceding the short gains to guard against the long ones. But when Pitt threatened, Tech abandoned its hit-and-flout defensive tactics, tightened ranks and held firm. Coach Bobby Dodd frequently interchanged his first and second units, never allowing either to be worn down by the hefty Pitt forwards.

The victory for Georgia Tech also represented a victory for Coach Dodd's "football can be fun" method of coaching. The two teams had prepared for the Gator Bowl in strikingly different ways. Pitt Coach John Michelosen had put his boys through rugged workouts right up to Christmas, then, after a one-day rest, had them butting heads again until the eve of the game. Dodd's first two elevens had not had a practice scrimmage since before their opening game against Kentucky. Not only that, but the Tech players were given an 11-day vacation over Christmas. They showed their gratitude by keeping themselves in perfect trim and returning to the campus ready to play their best game of the year. —LEE GRIGGS

WHITES

The classic look of spectator sports clothes reappears in modern fabrics which add 1957's ease of upkeep to the 1930s look of the few lucky rich

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE



FLANNELS AND PLEATS, both white, are worn by Mr. and Mrs. Perfor Fraser IV at the Seagate Beach Club. The slacks are made of all-wool flannel (Daks, \$95). Mrs. Fraser's dress is of Arnel shark-skin and its giant-boundtooth-check jacket the same (Don Brooks for Darbury, \$55). His shoes are Johnston & Murphy; hers, Pappagallo.



WHITE SHETLAND JACKET (Norman Hilton, \$79), white pleats (B. H. Wragge, \$49) are worn by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perry (left) at Boca Raton Club's Polo Lounge.

OF THE '30s

IN THE 1930s, some people didn't have any money at all, but those who did offset Depression doldrums with Chanel-inspired sports clothes. Referred to as the Newport Look, this 1957 version will revive memories of the days when Fred Perry (*lower left*) was champion at Wimbledon; when Golfer Sam Snead (*upper right*) was making a spectacular rise on the tournament circuit; and when such charming spectators as Bette Davis were peering out from under floppy brims of oversized hats. Photographed at Boca Raton and Delray Beach, the clothes on these pages constitute a review-preview of the new '30s look in fashion.



WHITE ALPACA sweater (David Church, \$87.50) is worn with his distinctive coconut straw hat and his own brand of knitted sport shirt by Golf Pro Sam Snead outside his new shop at the Boca Raton Club, where he started his pro duties this season.



POLO WHITE shirt dress of Arnel flannel (Haymaker, \$28) is spectator garb for Jane Geary at Boca Raton Club's new polo field, where hopefuls such as 18-year-old Glenn Allen (*on Shetland pony*) play pony polo between chukkers of regular games.

SHIRTWAIST SPECTATOR (Don Brooks for Durbury, \$40) is teamed with 30s-type white straw fedora (Adolfo for Emma, \$35) by Mrs. John Duke. White river-pearl bracelets and earrings match chalk white of new synthetic fabrics, are from Riehelieu.



SNOW PATROL

compiled by Mort Lund

SPOT TO SKI: SUGAR BOWL

Elevation 7,000 to 8,000 feet; average snowfall 26 to 39 feet; usual snow cover 12 to 18 feet; skiers last year: 20,000; season Dec. 15 to May



Three-quarters of a mile off Highway 40 at the Donner Summit in California's Sierra Nevada range, the wide reaches of the Sugar Bowl encompass 8,000-foot Mt. Disney (named for Walt) and 8,400-foot Mt. Lincoln, both sporting deep and reliable mantles of snow all winter long. Sugar Bowl has just laid up its already solid reputation with a brand-new 1½-mile double chair to the top of Mt. Lincoln, often climbed even in its pre-hit days for its superb powder fields. A ½-mile double chair runs up Mt. Disney, and a fine variety of beginner and expert trails spill down both mountains to the lodge at the chair lift terminals.

Two rope tows supply shorter runs for tyros. Skiers are lifted up from the highway parking lot to the lodge via unique aerial cable cars which deposit them at the door of the lodge. Disney's slopes (below) were opened by a chair lift in 1938, and ever since skiers have enjoyed the magnificent views the Sugar Bowl trails offer. Tip: You can drive from San Francisco (190 miles) and ski the same day. Highway 40 has inexpensive lodges; rooms at Sugar Bowl should be reserved in advance (\$16 to \$18 European); dormitory bunks are available (\$3); ski talk centers at the bar; expect a dressy after-ski crowd and continuous fine skiing.

SKIING COAST TO COAST

TD-top slopes, depth in inches; BD-bottom slopes, depth in inches; CR-ski crowd last weekend; SN-skiers of snowfall last weekend

● FAR WEST

Sugar Bowl, Calif. All lifts running last weekend in spite of snow famine. Expert runs from new Lincoln lift closed, but Meadow runs open. Bob Kolak and Dana Hauser had best times in Sugar Bowl team trials. TD 24-36, BD 12, CR 1,600, SN 0.

Sierra, Calif. No skiing last weekend. **Mt. Baldy, Calif.** No skiing last weekend. **Heavenly Valley, Calif.** One rope operating at top of lift provided only skiing. TD 6-14, BD 1, CR 1,500, SN 0.

Yosemite, Calif. No skiing last weekend. **Yosemite, Calif.** No skiing last weekend. **Yosemite, Calif.** No skiing last weekend. **Yosemite, Calif.** No skiing last weekend.

Big Bear Lake, Calif. Only skiing at area was at Monrovia on artificial snow. Some icy spots. BD 8-14, CR 100, SN 0.

Mt. Hood, Calif. Sunday storm closed Mica Mile at Timberline after a good week's skiing. Waiting lines ran up to an hour some Government Camp slopes were closed. TD 24-61, BD 31-54, CR 800, SN 0.

Grass Valley, Calif. No skiing last weekend. **Grass Valley, Calif.** No skiing last weekend. **Grass Valley, Calif.** No skiing last weekend. **Grass Valley, Calif.** No skiing last weekend.

Sierra Nevada, Calif. All lifts operating, skiing last to good last weekend. Lifts run daily until Jan. 6. TD 14-33, BD 40-43, CR 1,200, SN 0.

Mt. Baldy, Calif. No skiing last weekend. **Mt. Baldy, Calif.** No skiing last weekend. **Mt. Baldy, Calif.** No skiing last weekend. **Mt. Baldy, Calif.** No skiing last weekend.

● WEST

Alta, Utah. Powder on all slopes parked down to holiday crowds, some are showing on mountain runs last weekend. Waiting line 30 minutes long. Betty Lou Strain and Jim Gault won Sah-Lake Ski Club Giant Slalom. TD 43, BD 43, CR 1,200, SN 1.

Sun Valley, Idaho. All levels and runs open, with excellent packed powder skiing last weekend. National Ski Association opened training camp for top U.S. skiers Jan. 2, with Dave Lawrence as men's coach. Rarely will ski in Sun

Valley Open Jan. 12-13. Buddy TD 26, Round House 22, River Run 16, College Run 21, Dollar TD 15, Valley Place 9 to 10, SN 0.

Snake River, Wyo. All trails open, some brush skiing TD 15-22, BD 14-14, CR 200, SN 0.

Santa Fe, N. Mex. Skiing last weekend on mountain open slopes. Thunderbird needed more snow, Midland and Stevenson closed. Texas Hill slopes are abuzz with track-and-levee for fancy ski pants. TD 14-10, BD 5-10, Beginners area 3-10, CR 1,000.

Teton, N. Mex. Snow tractor transported skiers, including beginners, to upper snow fields which needed a little more cover. Restaurant and lodge open. TD 10-14, BD 12-13, Slalom Hill 17-35, Long Horn 17-49, CR 800, SN 0.

Big Mts., Mont. Warm daytime temperatures and cold nights turned area's cover to corn snow, made skiing good even though snow park was reduced. Lower Teton Matt closed. BD 22-26, TD 30-33, Hell Roaring BD 24-30, TD 32-42, CR 800, SN 0.

Aspen, Colo. Skiing excellent. Large holiday crowd loved lifts and restaurant facilities. New lift helped almost early-morning rush. Brooks Dodge demonstrated new Wedin ski technique to classes. TD 30, BD 16, Pigeon Doodle 20-36, Spar Gulch 20-36, CR 1,000, SN 0.

● MIDWEST

Rosin Mt., Wis. Skiing good, all slopes and trails open. Herald-Herald Ski School three almost 500 pupils, Saturday. TD 10-10, SN 0.

Bayou, Minn. Hunkle best with 30 artificial snow. Skiing good on other slopes. Trend among better skiers is toward wood skis, with Kariel skis leading. TD 6, BD 6, CR 750, SN 10.

Terry Park, S. Dak. All trails, slopes and lifts open daily over holiday, with good skiing. Weekend operation only in January. TD 30-35, BD 30-36, Krazy 30-40, Bunsy 30-40, CR 1,000, SN 2.

● EAST

Mt. Mansfield, N.H. Weekend snowfall put good skiing back on mountain for record crowd. All lifts ran, all slopes opened, Saturday night alone under lights until 10 p.m. began TD 4-16, BD 4-14, East Slope 4-16, CR 10,000, SN 14.

Mt. Sunapee, N.H. Zero weather ended New Year's ski crowd. Skiing good over entire area. TD 4-16, BD 6-12, CR 3,000, SN 8.

Lacoma, N.H. All lifts operating. Skiing good on Mt. and T-bar areas. TD 20-30, BD 12-15, CR 3,500, SN 10.

Stowe, Vt. Biggest holiday crowd on record jammed slopes, many restaurants. Base was closed but top cover was skied off rapidly. National Lattine and S-33 closed. Wind and cold prevented waiting lines considerably. TD 24, BD 18, CR 1,600-3,000, SN 8-10.

Pico Peak, Rutland, Vt. First week of operation capped by weekend snow. Skiing was excellent on A and B slopes. C trail, TD 1-10, BD 1-10, CR 1,000, SN 13.

Osborne Mt., Vt. Excellent on Mountain Road. Synack Trail open slopes. Biggest crowd in two-year history of area. TD 10, BD 10, CR 1,000, SN 6.

Big Bearby, Vt. Skiing good last weekend, excellent on upper trails. TD 5-10, BD 1-14, Push Over 6-10, T-bar 5-16, CR 1,100, SN 7.

Mad River, Vt. Entire mountain good, Fall Line, Benny and Chipmunk best. Cold wave over weekend topped mile of long underwear at ski shop. TD 10-20, BD 6-15, Fall Line 10-20, Catamount 10-20, some bare spots, CR 2,000, SN 12.

Dutch Hill, Vt. Yankee Doodle Trail excellent last weekend, whole area good. TD 11-13, BD 1-13, CR 700, SN 14.

Snow Ridge, N.Y. Skiing good last weekend. TD 11, BD 5, CR 3,000, SN 10.

Lake Placid, N.Y. Scotts Colide and Fawn Ridge Perilous opened. Sun-Bed Ski jump canceled. Ernie Stanger of Pittsburgh Steelers resigned as king after opening carnival. TD 5-8, BD 6, CR 1,000, SN 3-4.

Westport, Conn. All slopes and lifts operating. Skiing good. TD 28-38, BD 21-28, CR 1,000, SN 12.

Jasper, Conn. Bowdoin and Alamoite trails, Casino and Lattak closed last weekend. TD 27, BD 16, T-bar closed 11-21, CR 600.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1. Arden, 1000; 2. Arden, 1000; 3. Arden, 1000; 4. Arden, 1000; 5. Arden, 1000; 6. Arden, 1000; 7. Arden, 1000; 8. Arden, 1000; 9. Arden, 1000; 10. Arden, 1000; 11. Arden, 1000; 12. Arden, 1000; 13. Arden, 1000; 14. Arden, 1000; 15. Arden, 1000; 16. Arden, 1000; 17. Arden, 1000; 18. Arden, 1000; 19. Arden, 1000; 20. Arden, 1000; 21. Arden, 1000; 22. Arden, 1000; 23. Arden, 1000; 24. Arden, 1000; 25. Arden, 1000; 26. Arden, 1000; 27. Arden, 1000; 28. Arden, 1000; 29. Arden, 1000; 30. Arden, 1000; 31. Arden, 1000; 32. Arden, 1000; 33. Arden, 1000; 34. Arden, 1000; 35. Arden, 1000; 36. Arden, 1000; 37. Arden, 1000; 38. Arden, 1000; 39. Arden, 1000; 40. Arden, 1000; 41. Arden, 1000; 42. Arden, 1000; 43. Arden, 1000; 44. Arden, 1000; 45. Arden, 1000; 46. Arden, 1000; 47. Arden, 1000; 48. Arden, 1000; 49. Arden, 1000; 50. Arden, 1000; 51. Arden, 1000; 52. Arden, 1000; 53. Arden, 1000; 54. Arden, 1000; 55. Arden, 1000; 56. Arden, 1000; 57. Arden, 1000; 58. Arden, 1000; 59. Arden, 1000; 60. Arden, 1000; 61. Arden, 1000; 62. Arden, 1000; 63. Arden, 1000; 64. Arden, 1000; 65. Arden, 1000; 66. Arden, 1000; 67. Arden, 1000; 68. Arden, 1000; 69. Arden, 1000; 70. Arden, 1000; 71. Arden, 1000; 72. Arden, 1000; 73. Arden, 1000; 74. Arden, 1000; 75. Arden, 1000; 76. Arden, 1000; 77. Arden, 1000; 78. Arden, 1000; 79. Arden, 1000; 80. Arden, 1000; 81. Arden, 1000; 82. Arden, 1000; 83. Arden, 1000; 84. Arden, 1000; 85. Arden, 1000; 86. Arden, 1000; 87. Arden, 1000; 88. Arden, 1000; 89. Arden, 1000; 90. Arden, 1000; 91. Arden, 1000; 92. Arden, 1000; 93. Arden, 1000; 94. Arden, 1000; 95. Arden, 1000; 96. Arden, 1000; 97. Arden, 1000; 98. Arden, 1000; 99. Arden, 1000; 100. Arden, 1000.

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR



SO—season opened (or opened), SC—season closed (or closed), C—close water, D—water dirty or moky, M—water muddy, N—water at normal height, NH—slightly high, H—high; VH—very high, L—low, R—rising, F—falling, WT—water temperature 50, FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair, FP—fishing poor, OVG—outlook very good, OG—outlook good, OF—outlook fair; OP—outlook poor.

STEELHEAD: MONTANA, COLUMBIA: FE/HC, but if late-season freeze-up makes it cut stream flows down, angler will need light gear and delicate touch. Vancouver Island: Little Qualicum and Geyser rivers top lists. Chris Kaul's 15-pounder was heaviest fish of 36 caught in at Vander Boring Bay Derby.

WASHINGTON: Recent highs put fish in all western Washington streams, and excellent size reports OVG suddenly. Green River, mouth of Snoo Creek, Puyallup and Skagit rivers all thick with fish. Skagit drifters and plankers have scooped numerous limits in past week (weights to 20 pounds) on lures from painted baits to more finnish delights. Kovevne talking up hancer year for gaffers.

IDAHO: Chualar streams, zone L and C with YG. Continued lack of rain, however, might put streams on poor side of ledger. Last large fish now in upper reaches of rivers, with best fishing in lower runs and riffles. Clutter eggs with fillet of red fluorescent green use of best producers.

WEAVERFISH: TEXAS: Spotties being taken in numbers on in shallow bay flats from Harbort to Canyon, also letting well in Trinity Bay. 100+ at Rockport's boat barn.

LOUISIANA: Now is the time, the Tennessees say, to start feeding bayous and canals for big speckles which are seeking out deep bays and meandering waters. SO most for G.

STRIPED BASS: MARYLAND: Past peak-size big non heavy winds hampering Chesapeake, but occasional weather breaks have resulted in decent limits. Pan strippers being hoisted around Bay Bridge rock piles. Just bigger fish (five to eight pounds) are slightly northeast on Mud Dumps. PG in Solomon's area in lower bay, where three-to-five-pounders are abundant in again. Hot spot is near Poplar Island at "Tall Timbers" where parties report catches up to 60 per outing. OVG—10-to-15-pounders are snapping greedily at mortal squid in Down City and between pier and jetty.

BLACK BASS: MISSISSIPPI: Clearwater Lake producing for those who will leave odd. Fred McChislock of Farmington, Miss. took 7½-pound largemouth last week and Robert Bester of Piedmont brought in one slightly larger. Live minnows fished near bottom and weight of artificial lures seem irresistible.

PENNSYLVANIA: Nine-month staggered season, interest in state's history opened New Year's Day. Streams H and D and OVP, with kindest water in southern part of Susquehanna where dams are less apt to be influenced by weather. Deep plugs ought to stimulate hunger or urgency.

FLORIDA: 50° weather and 30 mph winds in Lakeland area have knocked fishing out for time being, but shiners and trout hines in deeper waters are nullifying entirely.

LOUISIANA: There're striking in Shreveport area and 3- and 4-pounders are taking the day in Lake Hysteria, Caddo Lake. Black Basses Bugee have biting at old River near Mer Rouge even though water is becoming H and M as Old Miss rises.

BONETISH: FLORIDA: Keys boater sweeps PG 3 1/2 lb Keys Guide Dirk Williams claims custom caught 17 on spinning tackle. Mightiest was 10-pound 20-year taken by Lance Levy of New York City on 10-pound test.

SAILFISH: FLORIDA: Al Leford, another Upper Keys guide, reports Dr. J. R. Road of Dos Palmas Illinois caught three sails, all released. Largest measured 7½ feet and was brought in on 25-pound monofilament. Maurine tells of few catches, but charming charterboat on chain into were hooked and lost.

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OUT WEST OF CALCUTTA

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

Beset by rising costs, many clubs are in trouble. Herewith a survey of expenses and ways to meet them—including gambling

WHAT WAS either the worst or the best thing that has recently happened to American golf—it all depends on how you look at it—occurred in September 1955. It was discovered that the two golfers who won the invitation four-ball tournament held by a prominent Long Island club (and with it the lion's share of the \$45,000 Calcutta pool) were not only playing with grossly fictitious handicaps but that one of them was playing under the name of another golfer who had been invited to compete in the event.

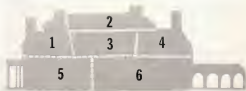
One of the repercussions of this revelation that "hustling" had reached E. Phillips Oppenheim proportions was a memorandum issued in March 1956 by the United States Golf Association, the official governing body and watchdog of American golf. That memorandum, in short, stated that the USGA "disapproves of gambling in connection with golf tournaments because of the harm it can do to the best interests of the game." "Too frequently," the

memorandum went on to explain, "gambling tournaments coming to the USGA Executive Committee's attention have spawned some unpleasantness if not dishonesty—such things as falsification of handicaps and scores, evasion of Rules of Golf, payoffs to players (so-called amateurs), attraction of persons of questionable motives, chicanery in various forms. These things seem almost inevitable where the object is not golf but money. Even in the small, seemingly well-controlled Calcutta, the prospect of financial return has undoubtedly influenced some competitor to 'negotiate' for a higher handicap. Golf should be played for its own sake and not for profit. . . ." Accordingly, the USGA urged its 2,000 member clubs, all golf associations and all sponsors of golf competitions to enact clear and positive resolutions prohibiting Calcutta auction pools, pari-mutuel betting, lotteries and other forms of gambling on tournaments. (As a corollary to this general line of

action, the USGA informed amateur golfers that gambling was considered conduct detrimental to the best interests of the game and, as such, a violation of the rules of amateur status. This put some teeth into the wordage, for many fine amateurs, who had been the belles of the ball at the weekend Calcuttas, did not want to lose their amateur status or prejudice their chances for selection to the Walker Cup team.)

In this memorandum the USGA announced that it was "reluctant to intrude in the affairs of a club, which theoretically is an extension of the homes of its members," and so limited its action to urging its member clubs to undertake the suggested moves.

The reactions of the member clubs (and also of clubs not directly affiliated with the USGA) were, to say the least, various. Many immediately moved to abolish their Calcuttas and—if they had previously permitted them—other sanctioned forms of gambling on tour-



THE COOL, untroubled facade (left) of the Happy Knolls of America conceals these days an invariable plexus of financial problems facing many of them. Several of the chief factors which have led to this state of strain are revealed in the cut-away sketch above. They include: 1) increased taxes on club property; 2) higher wages for clubhouse staff; 3) higher costs of maintaining golf course; 4) rising wages for greenkeeping staff; 5) rising repair costs; 6) lofty expense of adding new facilities.

naments. Furthermore, they let it be known how genuinely they appreciated the USGA's firm leadership in helping them to rid themselves of the local presence of what they had come to view as golf's special Frankenstein monster. Many other clubs, however, did consider the USGA's request an intrusion of their privacy and, in some cases, an overly paternal affront to their competence: they were fully aware, they declared in effect, that a mismanaged Calcutta could cause all sorts of havoc but *their* club was able to handle its own affairs; if their members wished to continue to hold a Calcutta, they jolly well would—in fact, they were definitely going to continue to do so.

A large number of clubs ended up on the fence, balanced halfway between these two opposing points of view. The USGA, they felt, might have been somewhat arbitrary in issuing so definite a memorandum unless that organization was prepared to continue to consult with clubs on this thorny joint problem and then to modify or strengthen their official stand in the light of subsequent knowledge. They agreed, nevertheless, to abide by the USGA's request for a period of time and see what they would see. Some of these on-the-fence clubs are still perched there. Others sat there a relatively short time before substituting or making plans to substitute in 1957) pari-mutuel betting on their tournaments, recognizing that there were indeed marshy regions in the Calcutta setup, but also that the demands of their members for some local autonomy had to be faced up to.

As the 1956 season progressed, a somewhat minor tangent of the controversy was given more and more prominence in the arguments of the clubs favoring Calcuttas (and pari-mutuel netting). Closing down these affairs, they brought out, had seriously staggered their club's financial equilibrium, it having been the using practice for most clubs to receive 10% to 20% of the total pool.

As is beautifully clear to any golfer who has ever paid his annual dues or climbed interdictedly to the top of the delinquent list, postwar golf is a very expensive proposition for the members of private clubs and for the clubs they support collectively. The tax rates on the club's property, the wages for clubhouse staffs (some of which are now unionized), the cost of repairing or improving or expanding the club's physical plant, the prices of equipment, fertilizers, etc., for maintaining the course, the wages of the groundskeeping crew—

all of these have risen sharply. To find out just what part a club's share of a Calcutta played in raising increased revenue to meet increased expenses, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED recently undertook an informal survey of the overall financial operation of representative golf clubs and country clubs located throughout the country. Some of the questions asked were these:

- Did (or does) your club rely to any degree on its share of Calcutta pools as a source of income?
- If so, and if the Calcutta has been abandoned, what steps have been taken to replace this source of income?
- Aside from dues, what methods have been used throughout the years and recently to guarantee a continuing source of income?
- Just how important does the club

be dealt with in this report before taking up the Calcutta and other subsidiary measures for producing revenue.

To begin with, the most unpopular way for a club to raise money, the survey indicates, is to divide its annual deficit by its total number of members and assess each member his just portion of this deficit. An assessment seems to leave most members with a very bad taste in their mouths; they invariably feel it would not have been necessary if the club's affairs were properly managed. The only time an assessment is accepted with comparative equanimity comes when a club is engaged upon some large-scale expansion of its plant, such as a new swimming pool or a curling rink—though, of course, it must be expected that members who are bitterly opposed to swimming and curling will

CHUMPNEY AND CHIPS

The exact origin of the Calcutta is not known, but it probably derives from a wagering system devised by British army officers in India to add a little spice to local sports events. As far as American golf goes, a Calcutta pool was first conducted along the eastern seaboard in 1914. Briefly, in a Calcutta the competing players—or in a four-ball event, the competing teams—are auctioned off to the highest bidders. The players with the best chance of winning naturally go for the highest prices. In order to auction off all the competitors, those who are least likely to succeed are often lumped together in a frill; if any one of them wins, the holder of the ticket on the frill wins the Calcutta. In a \$100,000 Calcutta, this might amount to \$40,000 since the winner usually receives about 40% of the total pool—the sum of the various amounts paid for the various players. Second place might pay 20%, third and fourth places 10%, with the remaining 20% going in various slices to the club, a charity sometimes and to cover the cost of operating the Calcutta.

consider annual dues and initiation fees to be in the financial picture?

- What are your club's financial problems nowadays?

Judging from the answers received to these questions, it would appear that the only clubs which currently do not find the financial going fairly hard are those relatively few clubs fortunate enough to own land adjoining their course which can be sold off for housing lots whenever the treasury is low. There is also a small handful of clubs which can, as a last resort, refer their deficit to a charming, solvent angel (like the celebrated Albert Magill at Mr. Marquand's Happy Knoll) or to said angel's estate. While individual clubs with slightly individual problems have adopted slightly individual methods for raising more money, the results of the survey demonstrate a surprisingly uniform pattern of thinking on financial matters and subsequent action. Because of its "big picture" importance, the over-all aspect of club finances will

not be likely, upon receipt of their bill, to burst out in a volley of huzzahs.

Because of this general aversion of members to being slugged with an assessment, the majority of clubs nowadays turn first toward increasing annual dues (and initiation fees) as their fundamental means of staying healthy. An example in point is an old and solid club in the Chicago area which in 1955 charged its members dues of \$225, then found that an additional assessment of \$200 was necessary and, with expenses still exceeding income by a few thousand dollars, decided to raise the dues for 1956 to something over \$500.

In this particular case this head-on solution has worked out, but more often such directness of attack is impossible. There are many clubs—a veteran club in the Atlanta area is such a one—where dues have been progressively raised and the members now assert truculently that they will not stand for any attempts to raise them one cent

continued on next page



INDEX OF THE ATTENTION NOW GIVEN THE PROBLEM SET IN THE FAMILY-STYLE COUNTRY CLUB IS THIS ARCHITECT'S RENDERING OF

WEST OF CALCUTTA

continued from page 57

higher. One solution to this quandary is for a club to take in a number of new members, but here a very difficult problem frequently besets them: since most clubs already have a full golf-playing membership, the presence of more golf-playing members would make it almost impossible for everyone who wanted to play on the weekends to get onto the course, traffic on the layout being overloaded to begin with.

One way out of this jam practiced by many clubs is to offer "social memberships" which give new members no golf privileges but open to them all the other facilities. Another way out is to go whole hog, as it were, and to realize that the day of the *golf club primarily for men* is apparently over unless the membership can afford luxury rates. The result is a change in the basic flavor and makeup of the club so that it becomes a *family country club* offering people of all ages a full range of facilities for relaxation, above all a swimming pool. Not only does conversion to a family-type setup pay off in the direct terms of stout dues but considerable revenue keeps flowing in from the charges for use of the pool, and the dining room gets far more play when youngsters and parents use the club as a gathering place. Sometimes the bar does, too.

The inner man

In any event, for a club that has upped its dues and still needs a little bolstering, the customary next step, our survey indicates, is to turn to the operation of the dining room and the bar and to see what can be done to make them help out a bit. Usually

they do not, and most clubs are willing to settle for breaking even on them, the profits from the bar generally compensating for the loss incurred by the dining room. However, the eternal search for more revenue leads clubs to constantly restudy their food and drink situation with the hope of arriving at some formula that will stimulate a greater income. One Midwest club, after performing just such a study, came up with these provocative if somewhat academic statistics:

Breakdown of Restaurant Accounts for July (the club's peak month):

Average spent by upper third of membership . . . \$53.24 per member
Average spent by middle third of membership . . . \$32.75 per member
Average spent by lower third of membership . . . \$4.99 per member
Average spent per member . . . \$43.66

Breakdown of Bar Accounts for July:
Average spent by upper third of membership . . . \$62.03 per member
Average spent by middle third of membership . . . \$19.08 per member
Average spent by lower third of membership . . . \$2.62 per member
Average spent per member . . . \$27.91

A not uncommon procedure nowadays, if the membership is not drinking and eating enough for the club to make a profit, is to introduce a minimum house-account charge to be levied on each member—say \$10 per month. The obvious fly in this Martinis is the inevitable unpopularity such a system has with members who do not use the club often enough to consume their minimum. (It might not be amiss to remark at this point that a spokesman for a Connecticut club, in replying to the survey questions, stated that

his club believes it is protecting its members when it raises restaurant prices instead of dues, since dues are subject to a 20% federal tax.)

Well, then, let us say that a club has increased its dues, taken in as many new members as it can accommodate, reviewed its bar-restaurant operation, installed a new finance committee—and still finds it must turn up more revenue in order to meet expenses. What supplementary measures can it resort to? Here are a few, some of them absolutely standard and some less so, which have been found helpful:

1. Green fees for guests. (Few clubs commented on this reliable old horse which has been doing its quiet share since the days of the gutta percha.)
2. Locker rental fees. (Comment from most clubs: it justifies itself as well as most charges do.)
3. Rental of the club for weddings, charity dances and the like. (Comment from an Ohio club: "A great majority do not like it, but I guess the majority favor this method over raising the dues.")
4. The "voluntary monthly contribution." (Comment from a large Westchester club: "We put it into effect a few years ago—\$5 per member. Less than 2% failed to contribute. It then became \$5 for junior members and \$10 for senior members. Until last spring these voluntary contributions were nontaxable, but in May 1956 the government decided to tax them. This contribution method has worked well. Our club receives an additional \$50,000 annually from it.")
5. The "tournament fund." This is a modest cousin of the "voluntary contribution" but is usually conducted on a more voluntary basis. Interested members donate a small amount, say



Drawing by Helen E. Sullivan, Architects

THE PROPOSED JUNIOR RUMPUS ROOM (COMPLETE WITH A SNACK BAR AND JUKEBOX) FOR THE PHILADELPHIA C.C.'S NEW CLUBHOUSE

\$10, to create a fund used by the tournament committee to purchase prizes for the club's competitions.

6. Placing a new manager in charge of the club. (Comment from a Pacific Coast club: "It is hard to find the right man. Over the last five years we have had three or four in rapid succession. Although they are well versed in restaurant management, hotel management and even city club management, they do not seem to understand the problems peculiar to our club and, I suppose, peculiar to any country club.")

7. Encouraging the members to remember the club in their wills.

8. Raffles. (Comment: the raffle has come back in recent years, not that anyone likes it or the prizes but because of the expulsion of other forms of gambling more pleasurable for the participant and more lucrative for the club—the slot machine especially. From a Southern club: "These mechanical swindling machines were invariably placed within a long arm's reach of the swagging counter, where each encouraged the other. Thus clubs collected two ways simultaneously. It was something again when these mother lodes were permanently banished by envious city, country, state and national tax authorities. The effect on clubs was like the Klondike drying up in a single day.") (Added comment on the raffle: at one well-heeled Massachusetts club, in order to avoid a situation in which the winner of the auto being raffled off would also fall heir to a whopping tax, the members printed no circulars, no tickets, no anything that would inform the "outside world" what was taking place. The members quickly penciled the numbers of their tickets on the sleeves of old sport

shirts and proceeded with muffled oar.)

9. The Calcutta and its variations.

Judging from the survey, a significant fact about the Calcutta, viewed as a source of club income, is that 90% of the clubs interviewed stated that giving up their Calcuttas affected their financial position hardly or not at all. Quite a number of these clubs were speaking after several years of experience, having suspended their Calcuttas well before the USGA's memorandum for a variety of local reasons ranging from a fear of encouraging gambling for high stakes to a lofty reward for the club's liquor license, it being, in this latter contingency, a law in some states that gambling cannot be conducted on the same premises where alcoholic beverages are dispensed. Some clubs reported that they had never held Calcuttas; others, that they formerly had but that the club had never taken a cut from the pool. The reason for this stand in most cases was less moral than pecuniary: the clubs did not believe that leaning on Calcutta cuts added up to a sound method of finance.

Calcuttas mean interest

It might be interpolated at this juncture that, whether a club wanted the Calcutta back or was glad it was gone, nearly all clubs reported that conducting Calcutta tournaments had certainly aroused club interest, that members turned out as at no other time during the season, and that both the restaurant and the bar received a terrific play. Without the Calcutta, the loss of these revenues was quite substantial. It might also be interpolated here that quite a few clubs, having looked into the Calcutta situation for

themselves, are firmly convinced that a club's share of a "limited Calcutta" amounts to such a small sum that the clubs pleading the "economic necessity" angle are inventing a good reason to obscure the real reason—in short, creating a smoke screen.

Perhaps this takes us close to the heart of the matter. Gambling at golf—is it a spice, a spark, a splendid spur at the spa or is it an onus and an open sesame to opprobrium? As Sir Roger de Coverley, that seasoned clubman, put it, there is much to be said on both sides, indeed, and it would seem the fitting thing at this point to present a synthesis of the arguments of the opposing camps.

The men in favor of gambling put their case something like this: "All of us are agreed that it is human to gamble, and just as men were bound to continue to drink after the Volstead Act was passed, they will gamble after a ban is imposed. The Nassau (or hole-by-hole bet) gives golfers who are not good enough to play in championship or near-championship tournaments a chance to test themselves under pressure and to derive the same satisfaction a low-handicap performer finds in competition. And the good players enjoy it too. It is all very simple. A bet, as any honest golfer will admit, adds a kick to the game, generally increases the fun, the conversation, the interest, the release. That's why most people choose to play for something, be it at bridge or backgammon or bowling, and there's really no reason why a man who wants to bet should be embarrassed by his attitude.

"As for the Calcutta, its particular machinery—let's face it—has tremendous appeal, the greatest appeal of all

continued on next page

TIP FROM THE TOP



from **WILLIE KLEIN**, La Gorce Country Club,
Miami Beach, Fla.

For golfers of
all degrees of skill

I like to imagine that a railroad track runs from the spot where I'm standing right up to the green. My feet are planted squarely on one rail of the track, and the ball is positioned on the other rail.

If this sounds like a foolish method for setting your direction up, consider the square-your-shoulders-to-the-target method many golfers use. By squaring his shoulders to the flag, say, the golfer feels he will be hitting on a straight line toward the flag. That feeling is deceiving, however. Unless the golfer automatically compensates—and a lot of golfers do this—chances are the ball will go sailing off to the right of center, for there is a tendency to cut across the ball in an effort to keep it square on the object. The club closes in instead of hitting from the inside out.

After a few swings the railroad-track method begins to feel natural. The tracks of the imaginary railroad come to a point at the target, just as the tracks of a real railroad appear to merge in the distance. On the downswing the club will feel as if it's going to whack the ball far to the right of that target point. It won't. You'll be right on line.



NEXT WEEK: DOUG FORD ON PUTTING THE SHORT ONES



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Watch for **SNOW PATROL**... a regular weekly feature for the rest of the winter.

19th HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

WITHOUT FEAR OR TERROR

Sirs:

On behalf of the Hungarian Olympic team I must express my greatest and deepest gratitude toward **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, which gave us tremendous help in the gravest hours of our lives. At the end of the Olympic Games at Melbourne the Hungarian team as a unit was at a loss; we didn't know what to do. But just in those very grave hours we found a friend indeed. It was **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. We owe everything to this magazine which helped us reach our own personal symbol of freedom—the United States of America—where we are certain we can begin a newer and happier and, above all, a free life without fear or terror.

LASZLO TADORI

New York

Sirs:

In common with thousands of your readers I applaud the efforts of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to bring to this country those members of the Hungarian Olympic team who decided to seek asylum here. Their decision must have been an agonizing one to make and, having made it, they deserve all our help. It speaks well for the ability and integrity of your reporters in Melbourne (and your organization) that they were chosen by the team to arrange their emigration. I wish them well in their new life in America.

M. R. HAKNE

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I was a judge of gymnastics in Melbourne and in Helsinki and London. I made a number of friends among the women gymnasts and, if any of them come over to this country, I should like to offer to sponsor one in Philadelphia. I should like to help her learn English and then to coach gym at one of our clubs here. This will be a mutual benefit because our gym team must look toward 1960.

MARTHA A. GABLE

Philadelphia

Sirs:

I read your fine article concerning the Hungarian Olympic team and of your interest in getting them to the U.S. I also would like to assist them to get here.

JOHN GORE

San Francisco

● The editors acknowledge with pleasure a debt of gratitude not only to the many readers who volunteered their most welcome help, but also to others who responded to specific requests for help: Tracy Voorhes, President Eisenhower's special assistant for refugee problems; General Joseph Swing, chief of the U.S. Immigration Service; Edward Rudnick and Sol Marks of the same agency; Juan Trippe and John Leslie of Pan American Airways, who generously provided an airplane for the trip across the Pacific from Melbourne; Governor Goodwin Knight of California, who welcomed the group to U.S. Soil; and Art Armstrong of United Air Lines, which brought them to New York from San Francisco.—ED.

HOT STOVE: NO, NO, MR. SWANN

Sirs:

Up till now I have looked with kindness upon your Hot Stove trades as the winter diversion of some very worthy friends of the game, but when Mr. Jim Swann starts tinkering with my Red Sox (1974 HOLE, Dec. 17) I feel compelled to attempt to call these proceedings to a screeching halt.

Trade Lepcio, Thronberry and Zauchin, indeed! And the three of them for Courtney and Yost from the Senators! Why do the Red Sox need a lead-off man when we have Goodman, Klaus and Piersall?

As for Courtney, we have three young catchers, White, Daley and Sullivan, who are coming along rapidly. As for Merv Thronberry, he looks to many like the successor to Ted Williams' many laurels within a few years.

DAN SULLIVAN

Boston

HOT STOVE: THE DODGERS (CONT.)

Sirs:

I was rather shocked to learn so many people want to break the Dodgers up.

To me it just wouldn't be the Dodgers without Gil Hodges at first; Carl Furillo in right; Duke Snider in center; Pee Wee Reese at short; Campy behind the plate; Newk on the mound. These are the Dodgers! And if these men aren't in Dodger uniforms when our Buac upset them, I don't care if the Pirates win or lose. Beating the Dodgers will have lost its meaning to me.

M. A. VEVES

Pittsburgh

● Not only Brooklyn, but the entire National League has been given a drastic overhaul by 19TH HOLE trader-readers. For their version of the Hot Stove National League, see box on opposite page.—ED.

STATE THE TOPEKA JOURNAL

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 Second-Class Postage Paid at Topeka, Kansas

NICEST IN THE NATION?

See.

We of *The University Daily Kansan* consider it unjust that you should refer to the KU campus as a "hodgepodge of local limestone and brick" and refer to a single fraternity house as the only pleasant structure to look upon (*Basketball's Arouse* *Krugdon*, 81, Dec. 17).

We don't contend we have the most beautiful campus in the nation, but we do believe it is one of the finest. And so does *The Topeka State Journal* (see right).

The staff of

The University Daily Kansan
 Lawrence, Kans.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S "HODGEPODGE OF LOCAL LIMESTONE AND BRICK" IS AN INSULT TO US JAYBAWKERS WHO LOVE EVERY STONE AND BRICK ON MOUNT OREAD AND WHO FIRMLY BELIEVE WE HAVE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAMPUS IN THE WORLD. FRAZIER, THE OLDEST BUILDING ON THE CAMPUS, BUILT A SHORT TIME AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, IS NO HODGEPODGE OF LOCAL LIMESTONE, AND TRY TO TELL THE LAWYERS THAT THE LAW BUILDING IS JUST LOCAL LIMESTONE AND BRICK.

PAUL D. LEFFLER, M.D.

Pittsburg, Kans.

• No slur intended at all. Jeremiah Tax, whose job is to look at things through a basketball hoop, pronounced KU's campus a hodgepodge only in comparison with the functional beauty of KU's leading citizen, Wilt the Stilt Chamberlain.—E.D.



NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATION OF
 "HODGEPODGE" Says Magazine Writer

KU Ire Aroused by Slur Against Beauty of Campus

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 6.—The University of Kansas campus, which has been the subject of a recent article in *Sports Illustrated* magazine, has been the subject of a letter to the editor of the magazine, which was published in the January 6 issue.

NATIONAL LEAGUE AS HOT STOVE TRADERS SEE IT

Italics indicate last year team member; boldface indicates player actually traded

BROOKLYN

1b Drogo
 2b O'Connell
 3b Boyer
 ss Spencer
 cf Thomas
 rf Maye
 cf Meen
 c Bailey

Added pitchers:
 Simmons, Pierce,
 Littlefield

CINCINNATI

Kluwe
 Temple
 Grooms
 McMillan
 Post
 Bell
 Thurman
 Campanella

Newcombe, Law,
 Antonelli, Hecker

CHICAGO

Gentile
 Baker
 Jablonski
 Bonds
 Cimab
 Antonen
 Moryn
 Rivera

Singleton, Cullum,
 Puhalsky, Erdine,
 Spooner

MILWAUKEE

Adair
 Gilman
 Matheson
 Leary
 F. Robinson
 Ashburn
 Aaron
 Rice

NEW YORK

1b Hodges
 2b Schandorf
 3b Robinson
 ss Neal
 lf Parrillo
 cf Bruton
 rf Mueller
 c Burgess

Added pitchers:
 Bahá, Jay

PHILADELPHIA

Skinner
 Jacobs
 Jace
 Groat
 Walls
 Whit Givens
 Hupulski
 Shepard

Hearn

PITTSBURGH

Long
 Mazurkewski
 Dark
 Harner
 Thomas
 Seader
 Clemente
 Cristall

Lehman, Jeffcoat

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CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

PAT ON THE BACK

HAMILTON RICHARDSON

Thanks to Coell Rhodes and the scholarships he founded, this blond six-footer, currently ranked No. 1 among U.S. tennis players, is a student at Oxford, where he lends his court talents to the cause of the Dark Blue in British collegiate rivalries. In familiar costume (right) he passes before the approving eyes of his "scout" (in a pose) as he makes his way past an ancient campus building.



A Phi Beta Kappa from Tulane, Ham Richardson wears his required robe to lectures at Trinity College, one of Oxford's 29 colleges. The inevitable bicycles are racked up in the quad.

Richardson's subjects — politics, philosophy and economics — require long hours of independent reading and informal discussion with fellow classmates (below). Ham plans a business career.



Married last July to a New Orleans girl, Richardson was not able to go to Australia for the Davis Cup matches. His next chance to play international tennis is at Copenhagen this month.



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